

P O E M S

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SEVERAL OCCASIONS;

BY

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V O L. II.

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A N
O D E
HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE
Q U E E N,
O N T H E
G L O R I O U S S U C C E S S
O F
H E R M A J E S T Y ' s A R M S ,
M D C C V I .

Written in imitation of SPENCER's style.

Te non paventis funera Galliae, •
Duraeque tellus audit Iberiae:
Te caede gaudentes Sicambri
Compositis venerantur armis.



THE P R E F A C E.

WHEN I first thought of writing upon this occasion, I found the ideas so great and numerous, that I judged them more proper for the warmth of an ode, than for any other sort of poetry: I therefore set Horace before me for a pattern, and particularly his famous ode, the fourth of the fourth book,

Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem, &c.

which he wrote in praise of Drusus after his expedition into Germany, and of Augustus upon his happy choice of that general. And in the following poem, tho' I have endeavoured to imitate all the great strokes of that ode, I have taken the liberty to go off from it, and to add variously, as the subject and my own imagination carry'd me. As to the style, the choice I made of following the ode in Latin, determin'd me in English to the stanza; and herein it was impossible not to have a mind to follow our great countryman Spencer; which I have done (as well at least as I could) in the manner of my expression, and the turn of my number: having only added one verse to his stanza, which I thought made the number more harmonious; and avoided such of his words, as I found too obsolete. I have however retained some few of them, to make the colouring look more

like Spencer's. *Behest*, command; *band*, army; *prow-ess*, strength; I *weet*, I know; I *ween*, I think; *whilom*, heretofore; and two or three more of that kind, which I hope the ladies will pardon me, and not judge my muse less handsome, though for once she appears in a farthingale. I have also in Spencer's manner, used *Caesar* for the Emperor, *Boya* for Bavaria, *Bavar* for that prince, *Ister* for Danube, *Iberia* for Spain, &c.

That noble part of the ode which I just now mentioned,

Gens, quae cremato fortis ab Illo
Jactata Tuscis aequoribus, &c.

where Horace praises the Romans, as being descended from Aeneas, I have turned to the honour of the British nation, descended from Brute, likewise a Trojan. That this Brute, fourth or fifth from Aeneas, settled in England, and built London, which he called *Troja Nova*, or *Troynovante*, is a story which (I think) owes its original if not to Geossry of Monmouth, at least to the Monkish writers, yet is not rejected by our great Camden, and is told by Milton, as if (at least) he was pleased with it; though possibly he does not believe it: however it carries a poetical authority, which is sufficient for our purpose. It is as certain that Brute came into England, as that Aeneas went into Italy; and upon the supposition of these facts, Virgil wrote the best poem that the world ever read, and Spencer paid queen Elizabeth the greatest compliment.

P R E F A C E.

7

I need not obviate one piece of criticism, that I bring my hero

From burning Troy, and Xanthus red with blood:

whereas he was not born, when that city was destroyed. Virgil, in the case of his own Aeneas relating to Dido, will stand as a sufficient proof, that a man in his poetical capacity is not accountable for a little fault in chronology.

My two great examples, Horace, and Spencer, in many things resemble each other: both have a height of imagination, and a majesty of expression in describing the sublime; and both know to temper those talents, and sweeten the description, so as to make it lovely as well as pompous: both have equally that agreeable manner of mixing morality with their story, and that *curiosa felicitas* in the choice of their diction, which every writer aims at, and so very few have reached: both are particularly fine in their images, and knowing in their numbers. Leaving therefore our two masters to the consideration and study of those who design to excel in poetry, I only beg leave to add, that it is long since I have (or at least ought to have) quitted Parnassus, and all the flow'ry roads on that side the country; though I thought myself indispensably obliged, upon the present occasion, to take a little journey into those parts.

A N O D E,

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE

Q U E E N.

I.

WHEN great Augustus govern'd ancient Rome,
And sent his conqu'ring bands to foreign wars;
Abroad when dreaded, and belov'd at home;
He saw his fame increasing with his years;
Horace, great bard (so fate ordain'd) arose;
And bold, as were his country men in fight,
Snatch'd their fair actions from degrading prose,
And set their battles in eternal light:
High as their trumpets tune his lyre he strung;
And with his prince's arms he moraliz'd his song.

II.

When bright Eliza rul'd Britannia's state,
Widely distributing her high commands;
And boldly wise, and fortunately great,
Freed the glad nations from tyrannic bands;
An equal genius was in Spenser found:
To the high theme he match'd his noble lays:
He travell'd England o'er on fairy ground,
In mystic notes to sing his monarch's praise:
Reciting wond'rous truths in pleasing dreams,
He deck'd Eliza's head with Gloriana's beams.

POEMS ON

III.

But, greatest Anna! while thy arms pursue
 Paths of renown, and climb ascents of fame,
 Which nor Augustus, nor Eliza knew;
 What poet shall be found to sing thy name?
 What numbers shall record, what tongue shall say
 Thy wars on land, thy triumphs on the main?
 O fairest model of imperial sway!
 What equal pen shall write thy wond'rous reign?
 Who shall attempts and fates of arms rehearse,
 Not yet by story told, nor parallel'd by verse?

IV.

Me all too mean for such a task I weet:
 Yet if the sov'reign lady deigns to smile,
 I'll follow Horace with impetuous heat,
 And cloath the verse in Spencer's native style,
 By these examples rightly taught to sing,
 And spit with pleasure of my country's praise,
 Stretching the plumes of an uncommon wing,
 High as Olympus I my flight will raise:
 And latest times shall in my numbers read
 Anna's immortal fame, and Marlbro's hardy deed.

V.

As the strong eagle in the silent wood,
 Mindless of warlike rage, and hostile care,
 Plays round the rocky cliff, or crystal flood;
 'Till by Jove's high behests call'd out to war,
 And charg'd with thunder of his angry king,
 His bosom with the vengeful message glows:
 Upward the noble bird directs his wing;

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

And tow'ring round his master's earth-born fort,
Swift he collects his fatal stock of ire;
Lifts his fierce talon high, and darts the forked fire.

VI.

Sedate and calm thus victor Marlbro sate,
Shaded with laurels, in his native land;
'Till Anna calls him from his soft retreat,
And gives her second thunder to his hand.
Then leaving sweet repose, and gentle ease,
With ardent speed he seeks the distant foe:
Marching o'er hills and vales, o'er rocks and seas,
He meditates, and strikes the wond'rous blow.
Our thought flies slower than our general's fame:
Grasps he the bolt? (we ask) when he has hurl'd the

VII.

[flame,

When fierce Bavar on Judoign's spacious plain
Did from afar the British chief behold;
Betwixt despair, and rage, and hope, and pain,
Something within his warring bosom roll'd:
He views that fav'rite of indulgent fame,
Whom whilom he had met on Ister's shoar:
Too well, alas! the man he knows the fame,
Whose prowess there repell'd the Boyan pow'r;
And sent them trembling thro' the frighted lands,
Swift as the whirlwind drives Arabia's scatter'd sands.

VIII.

His former losses he forgets to grieve;
Absolves his fate, if with a kinder ray
It now would shine, and only give him leave
To balance the account of Blenheim's day.

So the fell lion in the lonely glade,
 His side still smarting with the hunter's spear,
 Tho' deeply wounded, no way yet dismay'd,
 Roars terrible, and meditates new war;
 In sullen fury traverses the plain,
 To find the vent'rous foe, and battle him again.

IX.

Misguided prince! no longer urge thy fate,
 Nor tempt the hero to unequal war;
 Fam'd in misfortune, and in ruin great,
 Confess the force of Marlbro's stronger star.
 Those laurel groves (the merits of thy youth)
 Which thou from Mahomet didst greatly gain,
 While bold assertor of resistless truth,
 Thy sword did godlike liberty maintain,
 Must from thy brow their falling honours shade;
 And their transplanted wreaths must deck a worthier

X.

[head.

Yet cease the ways of Providence to blame,
 And human faults with human grief confess:
 'Tis thou art chang'd; while heaven is still the same:
 From thy ill councils date thy ill success.
 Impartial justice holds her equal scales:
 'Till stronger virtue does the weight incline:
 If over thee thy glorious foe prevails;
 He now defends the cause, that once was thine.
 Righteous the war! the champion shall subdue;
 For Jove's great handmaid Power, must Jove's decrees
 pursue.

XI.

Hark! the dire trumpets sound their shrill alarms:
 Auverquerque, branch'd from the renown'd Nassus,
 Hoary in war, and bent beneath his arms,
 His glorious sword with dauntless courage draws:
 When anxious Britain mourn'd her parting lord,
 And all of William that was mortal dy'd;
 The faithful hero had receiv'd the sword
 From his expiring master's much-lov'd side.
 Oft from its fatal ire has Louis shewn,
 Where-e'er great William led, or Maese and Sambre

XII.

[run.

But brandish'd high, in an ill-omen'd hour
 To thee, proud Gaul, behold thy justest fear,
 The master sword, disposer of thy power:
 'Tis that which Caesar gave the British peer.
 He took the gift: nor ever will I sheath
 This steel (so Anna's high behests ordain)
 The general said, unless by glorious death
 Absolv'd, 'till conquest has confirm'd your reign.
 Returns like these our mistress bids us make,
 When from a foreign prince a gift her Britons take.

XIII.

And now fierce Gallia rushes on her foes,
 Her force augmented by the Boyan bands:
 So Volga's stream, increas'd by mountain snows,
 Rolls with new fury down thro' Russia's lands.
 Like two great rocks against the raging tide
 (If virtue's force with nature's we compare)
 Unmov'd the two united chiefs abide,

Sustain the impulse, and receive the war.
 Round their firm sides in vain the tempest beats;
 And still the foaming wave with lessen'd power retreats.

XIV.

The rage dispers'd, the glorious pair advance,
 With mingl'd anger, and collected might,
 To turn the war, and tell aggressing France,
 How Britain's sons, and Britain's friends can fight.
 On conquest fix'd, and covetous of fame,
 Behold them rushing thro' the Gallic host.
 Thro' standing corn so runs the sudden flame,
 Or eastern winds along Sicilia's coast.
 They deal their terrors to the adverse nation:
 Pale death attends their arms, and ghastly desolation.

XV.

But while with fiercest ire Bellona glows;
 And Europe rather hopes than fears her fate;
 While Britain presses her afflicted foes;
 What horror damps the strong, and quells the great?
 Whence look the soldiers cheeks dismay'd and pale?
 Erst ever dreadful, know they now to dread?
 The hostile troops, I ween, almost prevail;
 And the pursuers only not recede.
 Alas! their lessen'd rage proclaims their grief!
 For anxious, lo! they croud around their falling chief.

XVI.

I thank thee, fate, exclaims the fierce Bavar;
 Let Boya's trumpet grateful Io's sound:
 I saw him fall, their thunderbolt of war:—
 Ever to vengeance sacred be the ground—

Vain wish! short joy! the hero mounts again
In greater glory, and with fuller light:
The ev'ning star so falls into the main,
To rise at morn more prevalently bright.
He rises safe, but near, too near his side,
A good man's grievous loss, a faithful servant dy'd.

XVII.

Propitious Mars! the battle is regain'd:
The foe with lessen'd wrath disputes the field:
The Briton fights, by fav'ring gods sustain'd:
Freedom must live; and lawless power must yield.
Vain now the tales which fabling poets tell,
That wav'ring conquest still desires to rove!
In Marlbro's camp the goddess knows to dwell:
Long as the hero's life remains her love.
Again France flies: again the Duke pursues:
And on Ramilia's plains he Blenheim's fame renews.

XVIII.

Great thanks, O captain great in arms! receive
From thy triumphant country's public voice:
Thy country greater thanks can only give
To Anne, to her who made those arms her choice.
Recording Schellenberg's, and Blenheim's toils,
We dreaded lest thou should'st those toils repeat:
We view'd the palace charg'd with Gallic spoils;
And in those spoils we thought thy praise compleat:
For never Greek, we deem'd, nor Roman knight,
In characters like these did e'er his acts indite.

XIX.

Yet mindless still of ease, thy virtue flies
 A pitch to old and modern times unknown :
 Those goodly deeds which we so highly prize,
 Imperfect seem, great chief, to thee alone. [staid,
 Those heights, where William's virtue might have
 And on the subject world look'd safely down,
 By Marlbro pass'd, the props and steps were made,
 Sublimar yet to raise his queen's renown :
 Still gaining more, still slighting what he gain'd,
 Nought done the hero deem'd, while ought undone re-

XX.

[main'd.

When swift-wing'd Rumour told the mighty Gaul,
 How lessen'd from the field Bavar was fled;
 He wept the swiftness of the champion's fall;
 And this the royal treaty-breaker said :
 And lives he yet, the great, the lost Bavar,
 Ruin to Gallia, in the name of friend ?
 Tell me, how far has fortune been severe ?
 Has the foes glory, or our grief an end ?
 Remains there, of the fifty thousand lost,
 To save our threaten'd realm, or guard our shatter'd

XXI.

[coast?

To the close rock the frighted raven flies,
 Soon as the rising eagle cuts the air :
 The shaggy wolf unseen and trembling lies,
 When the hoarse roar proclaims the lion near.
 Ill-starr'd did we our forts and lines forsake,
 To dare our British foes to open fight;
 Our conquest we by stratagem should make:

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Our triumph had been founded in our flight.
'Tis ours, by craft and by surprize to gain :
'Tis theirs, to meet in arms, and battle in the plain.

XXII.

The ancient father of this hostile brood,
Their boasted Brute, undaunted snatch'd his gods
From burning Troy, and Xanthus red with blood,
And fix'd on silver Thames his dire abodes ;
And this be Troynovante, he said, the seat
By heav'n ordain'd, my sons, your lasting place :
Superior here to all the bolts of fate
Live, mindful of the author of your race,
Whom neither Greece, nor war, nor want, nor flame,
Nor great Pelcides' arm, nor Juno's rage could tame.

XXIII.

Their Tudors hence, and Stuart's off spring flow :
Hence Edward, dreadful with his sable shield,
Talbot to Gallia's pow'r eternal foe,
And Scymour, fam'd in council, or in field :
Hence Nevil, great to settle or dethrone,
And Drake, and Ca'ndish, terrors of the sea :
Hence Butler's sons, o'er land and ocean known,
Herbert's and Churchill's warring progeny :
Hence the long roll which Gallia should conceal :
For oh ! who, vanquish'd, loves the victor's fame to

XXIV.

[tell?

Envy'd Britannia, sturdy as the oak,
Which on her mountain-top she proudly bears,
Eludes the ax, and sprouts against the stroke ;
Strong from her wounds, and greater by her wars.

And as those teeth, which Cadmus sow'd in earth,
 Produc'd new youth, and furnish'd fresh supplies:
 So with young vigor, and succeeding birth,
 Her losses more than recompens'd arise;
 And ev'ry age she with a race is crown'd,
 For letters more polite, in battles more renown'd.

XXV.

Obstinate pow'r, whom nothing can repel;
 Nor the fierce Saxon, nor the Dane,
 Nor deep impression of the Norman steel,
 Nor Europe's force amass'd by envious Spain,
 Nor France on universal sway intent,
 Of breaking leagues, and oft renewing wars,
 Nor (frequent bane of weaken'd government)
 Their own intestine feuds, and mutual jars;
 Those feuds and jars, in which I trusted more,
 Than in my troops, and fleets, and all the Gallic pow'r.

XXVI.

To fruitful Rheims, or fair Lutetia's gate
 What tidings shall the messenger convey?
 Shall the loud herald our success relate,
 Or mitred priest appoint the solemn day?
 Alas! my praises they no more must sing;
 They to my statue now must bow no more:
 Broken, repuls'd is their immortal king:
 Fall'n, fall'n for ever is the Gallic pow'r—
 The woman chief is master of the war:
 Earth she has freed by arms, and vanquish'd heav'n by
 pray'r.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

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XXVII.

While thus the ruin'd foe's despair commends
Thy council and thy deed, victorious queen,
What shall thy subjects say, and what thy friends?
How shall thy triumphs in our joy be seen?
Oh! daign to let the eldest of the Nine
Recite Britannia great, and Gallia free:
Oh! with her sister Sculpture let her join
To raise, great Anne, the monument to thee;
To thee, of all our good the sacred spring;
To thee, our dearest dread; to thee, our softer King.

XXVIII.

Let Europe sav'd the column high erect,
Than Trajan's higher, or than Antonine's;
Where sembling art may carve the fair effect,
And full atchievement of thy great designs.
In a calm heav'n, and a serener air,
Sublime the Queen shall on the summit stand,
From danger far, as far remov'd from fear,
And pointing down to earth her dread command..
All winds, all storms that threaten human woe,
Shall sink beneath their feet, and spread their rage be-

XXIX.

[low.

Their fleets shall strive by winds and waters tost;
'Till the young Austrian on Iberia's strand,
Great as Aeneas on the Latian coast,
Shall fix his foot: and this, be this the land,
Great Jove, where I for ever will remain
(The empire's other hope shall say) and here
Vanquish'd, intomb'd I'll lie; or crown'd, I'll reign—

O virtue, to thy British mother dear!
 Like the fam'd Trojan suffer and abide;
 For Anne is thine, I ween, as Venus was his guide.

XXX.

There, in eternal characters engrav'd,
 Vigo, and Gibraltar, and Barcelone,
 Their force destroy'd, their privileges sav'd,
 Shall Anna's terrors, and her mercies own:
 Spain, from th' usurper Bourbon's arms retriev'd,
 Shall with new life and grateful joy appear,
 Numbring the wonders which that youth atchiev'd,
 Whom Anna clad in arms, and sent to war;
 Whom Anna sent to claim Iberia's throne:
 And made him more than king, in calling him her son.

XXXI.

There Ister pleas'd, by Blenheim's glorious field
 Rolling shall bid his eastern waves declare
 Germania sav'd by Britain's ample shield,
 And bleeding Gaul afflicted by her spear:
 Shall bid him mention Marlbro, on that shore
 Leading his islanders renown'd in arms,
 Thro' climes, where never British chief before
 Or pitch'd his camp, or founded his alarms:
 Shall bid them bless the Queen, who made his streams
 Glorious as those of Boyn, and safe as those of Thames.

XXXII.

Brabantia, clad with fields, and crown'd with tow'rs,
 With decent joy shall her Deliv'rer meet;
 Shall own thy arms, great Queen, and bless thy pow'rs,
 Laying the keys beneath thy subject's feet.

Flandria, by plenty made the home of war,
Shall weep her crime, and bow to Charles restor'd;
With double vows shall bless thy happy care,
In having drawn, and having sheath'd the sword.
From these their sister provinces shall know,
How Anne supports a friend, and how forgives a foe.

XXXII.

Bright swords, and crested helms, and pointed spears
In artful piles around the work shall lie;
And shields indented deep in ancient wars,
Blazon'd with signs of Gallic heraldry;
And standards with distinguish'd honours bright,
Marks of high pow'r and national command,
Which Valois' sons, and Bourbon's bore in fight,
Or gave to Foix', or to Montmorancy's hand:
Great spoils, which Gallia must to Britain yield,
From Cressy's battle sav'd, to grace Ramilia's field.

XXXIV.

And as fine art the spaces may dispose,
The knowing thought and curious eye shall see
Thy emblem, gracious Queen, the British rose,
Type of sweet rule, and gentle majesty:
The Northern thistle, whom no hostile hand
Unhurt too rudely may provoke, I ween;
Hibernia's harp, device of her command,
And parent of her mirth, shall there be seen:
Thy vanquish'd lillies, France, decay'd and torn,
Shall with disorder'd pomp the lasting work adorn.

XXXV.

Beneath, great Queen, oh! very far beneath,
Near to the ground, and on the humble base,

To save herself from darkness, and from death,
 That muse desires the last, the lowest place;
 Who tho' unmeet, yet touch'd the trembling string;
 For the fair fame of Anne, and Albion's land,
 Who durst of war and martial fury sing:
 And when thy will, and when thy subject's hand
 Had quell'd those wars, and bid that fury cease;
 Hangs up her grateful harp to conquest, and to peace.

C A N T A T A.

Set by Monsieur GALLIARD.

RECIT.

BENEATH a verdant lawrel's ample shade,
 His lyre to mournful numbers strung,
 Horace, immortal bard, supinely laid,
 To Venus thus address'd the song:
 Ten thousand little loves around
 List'ning, dwelt on ev'ry sound.

ARIET.

Potent Venus, bid thy son
 Sound no more his dire alarms.
 Youth in silent wings is flown:
 Graver years come rolling on.
 Spare my age, unfit for arms:
 Safe and humble let me rest,
 From all am'rous care releas'd.
 Potent Venus, bid thy son
 Sound no more his dire alarms.

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RECIT.

Yet, Venus, why do I each morn prepare
The fragrant wreath for Cloe's hair?
Why do I all day lament and sigh,
Unless the beauteous maid be nigh?
And why all night pursue her in my dreams,
Thro' flow'ry meads, and crystal streams?

RECIT.

Thus sung the bard; and thus the goddess spoke:
Submissive bow to love's imperious yoke:

Ev'ry state, and ev'ry age
Shall own my rule, and fear my rage:
Compell'd by me thy muse shall prove,
That all the world was born to love.

ARIET.

Bid thy destin'd lyre discover
Soft desire, and gentle pain:
Often praise, and always love her:
Thro' her ear her heart obtain.
Verse shall please, and sighs shall move her:
Cupid does with Phoebus reign.

HER RIGHT NAME.

AS Nancy at her toilet sat,
Admiring this, and blaming that;
Tell me, she said; but tell me true;
The nymph who cou'd your heart subdue,
What sort of charms does she possess?
Absolve me, fair one, I'll confess;

With pleasure I reply'd. Her hair,
 In ringlets rather dark than fair,
 Does down her iv'ry bosom roll,
 And hiding half, adorns the whole.
 In her high forehead's fair half-round
 Love sits in open triumph crown'd:
 He in the dimple of her chin,
 In private state, by friends is seen.
 Her eyes are neither black, nor gray;
 Nor fierce, nor feeble is their ray:
 Their dubious lustre seems to show
 Something that speaks nor yes, nor no.
 Her lips no living bard, I weet,
 May say, how red, how round, how sweet:
 Old Homer only cou'd indite
 Their vagrant grace, and soft delight:
 They stand recorded in his book,
 When Helen smil'd, and Hebe spoke —
 The gipsy turning to her glass,
 Too plainly show'd, she knew the face:
 And which am I most like, she said,
 Your Cloe, or your Nut-brown Maid?

Written in OVID.

OVID is the surest guide,
 You can name, to show the way
 To any woman, maid, or bride,
 Who resolves to go astray.

A TRUE MAID.

NO, no; for my virginity,
 When I lose that, says Rose, I'll die:
 Behind the elms, last night, cry'd Dick,
 Rose, were you not extremely sick?

A N O T H E R.

TEN months after Florimel happen'd to wed,
 And was brought in a laudable manner to bed:
 She warbled her groans with so charming a voice,
 That one half of the parish was stun'd with the noise.
 But when Florimel deign'd to lye privately in,
 Ten months before she and her spouse were a-kin;
 She chose with such prudence her pangs to conceal,
 That her nurse, nay her midwife, scarce heard her once
 squeal.
 Learn, husbands, from hence, for the peace of your lives,
 That maids make not half such a tumult, as wives.

A REASONABLE AFFLICTION.

ON his death-bed poor Lubin lies;
 His spouse is in despair:
 With frequent sobs, and mutual cries,
 They both express their care.

A diff'rent cause, says parson Sly,
 The same effect may give:
 Poor Lubin fears, that he shall die;
 His wife, that he may live.

ANOTHER REASONABLE AFFLICTION.

FROM her own native France as old Alifon past,
 She reproach'd English Nell with neglect or with
 malice,

That the flattern had left in the hurry and hast,
 Her lady's complexion, and eye-brows at Calais.

A N O T H E R.

HER eye-brow-box one morning lost,
 (The best of folks are oft'nest crost)

Sad Helen thus to Jenny said,

Her careless but afflicted maid?

Put me to bed then, wretched Jane:

Alas! when shall I rise again?

I can behold no mortal now:

For what's an eye without a brow?

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

IN a dark corner of the house

Poor Helen sits, and sobs and cries:

She will not see her loving spouse,

Nor her more dear picquet-allies:

Unless she finds her eye-brows

She'll e'en weep out her eyes.

ON THE SAME.

HELEN was just slipt into bed:

Her eye-brows on the toilet lay:

Away the kitten with them fled,

As fees belonging to her prey.

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For this misfortune careless Jane,
Assure yourself was loudly rated :
And madam getting up again,
With her own hand the mouse-trap baited.

On little things, as sages write,
Depends our human joy, or sorrow :
If we don't catch a mouse to-night,
Alas! no eye-brows for to-morrow.

PHYLLIS'S AGE.

HOW old may Phyllis be, you ask,
Whose beauty thus all hearts engages?
To answer is no easy task :
For she has really two ages.

Stiff in brocard, and pinch'd in stays,
Her patches, paint, and jewels on ;
All day let envy view her face ;
And Phyllis is but twenty one.

Paint, patches, jewels laid aside,
At night astronomers agree,
The evening has the day bely'd ;
And Phyllis is some forty-three.

Forma bonum fragile.

WHAT a frail thing is beauty, says Baron le Cras,
 Perceiving his mistress had one eye of glass:
 And scarcely had he spoke it;
 When she more confus'd, as more angry she grew,
 By a negligent rage prov'd the maxim too true:
 She dropt the eye, and broke it.

A CRITICAL MOMENT.

HOW capricious were nature and art to poor Nell?
 She was painting her Checks at the time her nose
 fell.

A N E P I G R A M.

Written to the Duke de NOAILLES.

VAIN the concern which you express,
 That uncall'd Alard will possess
 Your house and coach, both day and night,
 And that Mackbeth was haunted less
 By Banquo's restless spirit.

With fifteen thousand pound a year,
 Do you complain, you cannot bear
 An ill, you may soon retrieve?
 Good Alard, faith, is modester
 By much, than you believe.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

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Lend him but fifty Louis' d'or;
 And you shall never see him more:
 Take the advice; *probatum est*.
 Why do the gods indulge our store,
 But to secure our rest?

EPILOGUE TO PHAEDRA.

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD, who acted ISMENA.

LADIES, to-night your pity I implore
 For one, who never troubled you before:
 An Oxford man, extremely read in Greek
 Who from Euripides makes Phaedra speak;
 And comes to town, to let us moderns know,
 How women lov'd two thousand years ago.

If that be all, said I, e'en burn your play:
 I'gad! we know all that, as well as they:
 Show us the youthful, handsome charioteer,
 Firm in his seat, and running his career;
 Our souls would kindle with as gen'rous flames,
 As e'er inspir'd the antient Grecian dames:
 Ev'ry Ismena would resign her breast;
 And ev'ry dear Hippolytus be blest.

But, as it is, six flouncing Flanders mares
 Are e'en as good, as any two of theirs:
 And if Hippolytus can but contrive
 To buy the gilded chariot; John can drive.

Now of the bustle you have seen to-day,
 And Phaedra's morals in this scholar's play,

Something at least in justice should be said:
But this Hippolytus so fills one's head —
Well! Phaedra liv'd as chaste as she cou'd;
For she was father Jove's own flesh and blood.
Her aukward love indeed was oddly fated:
She and her Poly were too near related:
And yet that scruple had been laid aside,
If honest Theseus had but fairly dy'd:
But when he came, what needed he to know,
But that all matters stood in *statu quo*?
There was no harm, you see, or grant there were:
She might want conduct; but he wanted care.
'Twas in a husband little less than rude,
Upon his wife's retirement to intrude —
He should have sent a night or two before,
That he would come exact at such an hour:
Then he had turn'd all tragedy to jest;
Found ev'ry thing contribute to his rest;
The picquet friend dismiss'd, the coast all clear,
And spouse alone impatient for her dear.

But if these gay reflections come too late,
To keep the guilty Phaedra from her fate;
If your more serious judgment must condemn
The dire effects of her unhappy flame:
Yet, ye chaste matrons, and ye tender fair,
Let love and innocence engage your care:
My spotless flames to your protection take;
And spare poor Phaedra for Ismena's sake.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

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EPILOGUE TO LUCIUS.

Spoken by Mrs. HORTON.

THE female author who recites to-day,
 Trusts to her sex the merit of her play.
 Like father Bayes securely she sits down :
 Pit, box and gallery, Gad ! all's our own.
 In antient Greece, she says, When Sappho writ,
 By their applause the critics show'd their wit,
 They tun'd their voices to her Lyric string ;
 Tho' they cou'd all do something more than sing.
 But one exception to this fact we find ;
 That booby Phaon only was unkind,
 An ill-bred boat-man, rough as waves and wind.
 From Sappho down to all succeeding ages,
 And now on French, or on Italian stages,
 Rough satyrs, sly remarks, ill natur'd speeches
 Are always aim'd at poets that wear breeches.
 Arm'd with Longinus, or with Rapin, no man
 Drew a sharp pen upon a naked woman.
 The blust'ring bully in our neighb'ring streets
 Scorns to attack the female that he meets :
 Fearless the petticoat contemns his frowns :
 The hoop secures whatever it surrounds.
 The many-colour'd gentry there above,
 By turns are rul'd by tumult, and by love :
 And while their sweet-hearts their attention fix,
 Suspend the din of their damn'd clatt'ring sticks.
 Now, Sirs——

To you our author makes her soft request,
Who speak the kindest, and who write the best.
Your sympathetic hearts she hopes to move,
From tender friendship, and endearing love.
If Petrarch's muse did Laura's wit rehearse;
And Cowley flatter'd dear Orinda's verse;
She hopes from you——pox take her hopes and fears;
I plead her sex's claim: what matters her's?
By our full pow'r of beauty we think fit,
To damn this Salique law impos'd on wit:
We'll try the empire you so long have boasted;
And if we are not prais'd, we'll not be roasted.
Approve what one of us presents to night;
Or ev'ry mortal woman here shall write:
Rural, pathetic, narrative, sublime,
We'll write to you, and make you write in rhyme;
Female remarks shall take up all your time. }
Your time, poor souls! we'll take your very money;
Female third days will come so thick upon you.
As long as we have eyes, or hands, or breath,
We'll look, or write, or talk you all to death.
Unless ye yield for better and for worse: }
Then the she-Pegasus shall gain the course;
And the grey mare will prove the better horse.

The THIEF and the CORDELIER, a BALLAD.

To the tune of King JOHN, and the ABBOT of
CANTERBURY.

[Greve,

WHO has e'er been at Paris, must needs know the
The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave:
Where honour and justice most oddly contribute,
To ease hero's pains by a halter and gibbet.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

[on ;

There death breaks the shackles, which force had put
And the hangman compleats, what the judge but begun:
There the 'squire of the pad, and the knight of the post,
Find there pains no more balk'd, and their hopes no
Derry down, &c. [more crost.

Great claims are there made, and great secrets are known;
And the king, and the law, and the thief has his own;
But my hearers cry out; what a duce does thou say
Cut off thy reflections; and give us thy tale.

Derry down, &c.

'Twas there then, in civil respect to harsh laws,
And for want of false witness, to back a bad cause,
A Norman, tho' late, was oblig'd to appear:
And who to assist, but a grave Cordelier?

Derry down, &c.

The 'squire, whose good grace was to open the scene,
Seem'd not in great haste, that the show shou'd begin :
Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart ;
And often took leave ; but was loth to depart.

Derry down, &c.

What frightens you thus, my son ? says the priest :
You murder'd, are sorry, and have been confest.
O father ! my sorrow will scarce save my bacon :
For 'twas not that I murder'd, but that I was taken.

Derry down, &c.

[cies :

Pough ! pr'ythee ne'er trouble thy head with such fan-
Rely on the aid ye shall have from Saint Francis :
If the money you promis'd be brought to the chest ;
You have only to die : let the church do the rest.

Derry down, &c.

And what will folks say, if they see you afraid :
It reflects upon me ; as I knew not my trade :
Courage, friend ; to-day is your period of sorrow ?
And things will go better, believe me to-morrow.

Derry down, &c.

To-morrow ? our hero reply'd in a fright : [night.
He that's hang'd before noon, ought to think of to-
Tell your beads, quoth the priest, and be fairly truss'd
For you surely to-night shall in Paradise sup. [up,

Derry down, &c.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

35

Alas! quoth the 'squire, howe'er sumptuous the treat.
 Parblew, I shall have little stomach to eat:
 I should therefore esteem it great favour and grace;
 Would you be so kind, as to go in my place.
 Derry down, &c.

That I would, quoth the father, and thank you to boot;
 But our actions, you know, with our duty must suit.
 The feast, I propos'd to you, I cannot taste:
 For this night, by our order, is mark'd for a fast.
 Derry down, &c.

Then turning about to the hangman, he said;
 Dispatch me, I pr'ythee, this troublesome blade:
 For thy cord, and my cord both equally tie;
 And we live by the gold for which other men die.
 Derry down, &c.

A N E P I T A P H.

Stet quicunque volet potens
 Aulæ culmine lubrico, &c.

Senec.

I NTER'D beneath this marble stone,
 Lie saunt'ring Jack, and idle Joan.
 While rolling threescore years and one
 Did round this globe their courses run;
 If human things went ill or well;
 If changing empires rose or fell;
 The morning past, the evening came,
 And found this couple still the same.

They walk'd and eat, good folks : what then?
Why then they walk'd and eat again :
They soundly slept the night away :
They just did nothing all the day :
And having bury'd children four,
Would not take pains to try for more :
Nor sister either had, nor brother ;
They seem'd just tally'd for each other.

 Their moral and oeconomy
Most perfectly they made agree :
Each virtue kept its proper bound,
Nor trespass'd on the other's ground.
Nor fame, nor censure they regarded :
They neither punish'd, nor rewarded.
He car'd not what the footmen did :
Her maids she neither prais'd, nor chid :
So ev'ry servant took his course :
And bad at first they all grew worse.
Slothful disorder fill'd his stable ;
And fluttish plenty deck'd her table.
Their beer was strong ; their wine was Port ;
Their meal was large ; their grace was short.
They gave the poor the remnant meat,
Just when it grew not fit to eat.

 They paid the church and parish rate ;
And took, but read not the receipt :
For which they claim their Sunday's due,
Of slumbring in an upper pew.

 No man's defects sought they to know ;
So never made themselves a foe.

No man's good deeds did they commend;
 So never rais'd themselves a friend.
 Nor cherish'd they relations poor :
 That might decrease their present store :
 Nor barn nor house did they repair :
 That might oblige their future heir.

They neither added, nor confounded :
 They neither wanted, nor abounded.
 Each Christmas they accounts did clear ;
 And wound their bottom round the year.
 Nor tear, nor smile did they employ
 At news of public grief, or joy.
 When bells were rung, and bonfires made ;
 If ask'd, they ne'er deny'd their aid :
 Their jugg was to the ringers carry'd ;
 Whoever either dy'd, or marry'd.
 Their billet at the fire was found ;
 Who ever was depos'd, or crown'd.

Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wife ;
 They would not learn, nor could advise :
 Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,
 They led—a kind of—as it were :
 Nor wish'd, nor car'd, nor laugh'd, nor cry'd :
 And so they liv'd, and so they dy'd.

H O R A C E Lib. I. Epist. IX.

Septimius, Claudii, nimirum intelligit unus,
Quanti me facias : &c.

IMITATED.

To the Right Honourable Mr. HARLEY.

DEAR Dick, howe'er it comes into his head,
Believes as firmly as he does his creed,
That you and I, Sir, are extreamly great ;
Tho' I plain Mat, you minister of state.
One word from me, without all doubt, he says,
Wou'd fix his fortune in some little place.
Thus better than myself, it seems, he knows,
How far my interest with my patron goes ;
And answering all objections I can make,
Still plunges deeper in his dear mistake.

From this wild fancy, Sir, there may proceed
One wilder yet, which I foresee, and dread ;
That I, in fact, a real interest have,
Which to my own advantage I wou'd save,
And, with the usual courtier's trick, intend
To serve myself, forgetful of my friend.

To shun this censure, I all shame lay by ;
And make my reason with his will comply ;
Hoping for my excuse, 'twill be confess'd,
That of two evils I have chose the least.

So, Sir, with this epistolary scroll,
 Receive the partner of my inmost soul:
 Him you will find in letters, and in laws
 Not unexpert, firm to his country's cause,
 Warm in the glorious interest you pursue,
 And, in one word, a good man and a true.

TO MR. HARLEY, wounded by GUISCARD,

1711.

————— ab ipso
 Ducit opes animumque ferro.

HOR.

I.

IN one great Now, superior to an age,
 The full extremes of nature's force we find:
 How heav'nly virtue can exalt; or rage
 Infernal, how degrade the human mind.

II.

While the fierce monk does at his tryal stand;
 He chews revenge, abjuring his offence:
 Guile in his tongue, and murder in his hand,
 He stabs his judge, to prove his innocence.

III.

The guilty stroke and torture of the steel
 Infix'd, our dauntless Briton scarce perceives:
 The wounds his country from his death must feel,
 The Patriot views; for those alone he grieves.

IV.

The barb'rous rage that durst attempt thy life,
 Harley, great counsellor, extends thy fame:

And the sharp point of cruel Guiscard's knife,
In brass and marble carves thy deathless name.

V.

Faithful assertor of thy country's cause,
Britain with tears shall bathe thy glorious wound:
She for thy safety shall enlarge her laws;
And in her statutes shall thy worth be found.

VI.

Yet midst her sighs she triumphs, on the hand
Reflecting, that diffus'd the public woe;
A stranger to her altars, and her land:
No son of hers could meditate this blow.

VII.

Mean time thy pain is gracious Anna's care:
Our queen, our saint, with sacrificing breath
Softens thy anguish: in her pow'rful pray'r
She pleads thy service, and forbids thy death.

VIII.

Great as thou art, thou canst demand no more,
O breast bewail'd by earth, preserv'd by Heav'n!
No higher can aspiring virtue soar:
Enough to thee of grief, and fame is giv'n.

AN extempore INVITATION to the
EARL of OXFORD, LORD HIGH TREASURER,

1712.

My LORD,

OUR weekly friends to-morrow meet
At Matthew's palace, in Duke-street,

To try for once, if they can dine
 On bacon ham, and mutton-chine:
 If weary'd with the great affairs,
 Which Britain trusts to Harley's cares,
 Thou, humble statesman, may'st descend,
 Thy mind one moment to unbend;
 To see thy servant from his soul
 Crown with thy health the sprightly bowl:
 Among thy guests, which e'er my house
 Receiv'd, it never can produce
 Of honour a more glorious proof——
 Tho' Dorset us'd to bless the roof.

ERLE ROBERT'S MICE.

In CHAUCER'S Stile.

TW A Y mice, full blythe and amicable,
 Batten beside Erle Robert's table.
 Lies there ne trap their necks to catch,
 Ne old black cat their steps to watch.
 Their fill they eat of fowl and fish;
 Feast-lyche as heart of mouse mote wish.

As guests sat jovial at the board,
 Forth leap'd our mice: eftsoons the Lord
 Of Boling, whilome John the Saint,
 Who maketh oft propos full queint,
 Laugh'd jocund, and aloud he cry'd,
 To Matthew seated on t' oth' side;
 To thee, lean bard, it doth pertain
 To understand these creatures tweine.

Come frame us now some clean device,
 Or playfant rhyme on yonder mice:
 They seem, God shield me, Mat. and Charles.

Bad as Sir Topaz, or Squire Quarles
 (Matthew did for the nonce reply)

At emblem, or device am I:
 But could I chaunt, or rhyme, pardie,
 Clear as Dan Chaucer, or as thee:
 Ne verse from me (so God me thrive)
 On mouse, or other beast alive.

Certes, I have these many days
 Sent myne poetic herd to graze.
 Ne armed knight ydrad in war
 With lyon fierce will I compare:
 Ne judge unjust, with furred fox,
 Harming in secret guise the flocks:
 Ne priest unworth of goddes coat,
 To swine ydrunk, or filthy float.
 Elk similè farewell for aye,

From elephant, I trow, to flea.
 Reply'd the friendlike peer, I weene,
 Matthew is angred on the spleen.

Ne so, quoth Mat. ne shall be e'er,
 With wit that falleth all so fair:
 Eftsoons, well weet ye, mine intent
 Boweth to your commandement.

If by these creatures ye have seen,
 Pourtrayed Charles and Matthew been;
 Behoveth neet to wreck my brain,
 The rest in order to explain.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

43

That cup-board, where the mice disport,
 I liken to St. † Stephen's court:
 Therein is space enough, I trow.
 For elke comrade to come and goe:
 And therein eke may both be fed
 With shiver of the wheaten bread.
 And when, as these mine eyen survey,
 They cease to skip, and squerk and play;
 Return they may to diff'rent cells,
Auditing one, whilst t'other tells,

Dear Robert, quoth the Saint, whose mind,
 In bounteous deed no mean can bind;
 Now as I hope to grow devout,
 I deem this matter well made out.
 Laugh I, whilst thus I serious pray?
 Let that be wrought which Mat. doth say:
 Yea, quoth the Erle, but not to-day.

In the same Style.

FULL oft doth Mat. with Topaz dine,
 Eateth bak'd meats, drinketh Greek wine;
 But Topaz his own werk rehearseth;
 And Mat. mote praise what Topaz verseth.
 Now sure as-priest did e'er thrive sinner,
 Full hardly earneth Mat. his dinner.

In the same Style.

FAIR Susan did her wif-hede well menteine,
 Algates assaulted fore by letchours tweine:
 † *Exchequer.*

Now, and I read aright that auncient song,
Olde were the paramours, the dame full young.

Had thilke same tale in other guise been tolde;
Had they been young (pardie) and she been olde:
That, by St. Kit, had wrought much forer tryal;
Full merveillous, I wote, were swilk denyal.

A FLOWER painted by SIMON VARELST.

WHEN fam'd Varelst this little wonder drew;
Flora vouchsaf'd the growing work to view:
Finding the painter's science at a stand,
The goddess snatch'd the pencil from his hand;
And finishing the piece, she smiling said:
Behold one work of mine, that ne'er shall fade.

To the LADY ELIZABETH HARLEY, since Marchioness of CARMARTHEN, on a column of her drawing.

WHEN future ages shall with wonder view
These glorious lines, which Harley's daughter
They shall confess that Britain could not raise (drew;
A fairer column to the father's praise.

PROTOGENES and APELLES.

WHEN poets wrote, and painters drew,
As nature pointed out the view:
Ere Gothic forms were known in Greece,
To spoil the well-proportion'd piece:
And in our verse ere monkish rhimes
Had jangl'd their fantastic chimes:

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

49

Ere on the flow'ry lands of Rhodes
 Those knights had fix'd their dull abodes,
 Who knew not much to paint or write,
 Nor car'd to pray, nor dar'd to fight:
 Protogenes, historians note,
 Liv'd there, a burgesa seot and lot;
 And, as old Pliny's writings show,
 Apelles did the same at Co.
 Agreed these points of time and place,
 Proceed we in the present case.

Picqu'd by Protogenes's fame,
 From Co to Rhodes Apelles came;
 To see a rival and a friend,
 Prepar'd to censure, or commend,
 Here to absolve, and there object,
 As art with candour might direct.
 He sails, he lands, he comes, he rings:
 His servants follow with the things:
 Appears the governante of th'house:
 For such in Greece were much in use:
 If young or handsome, yea or no,
 Concerns not me, or thee to know.

Does squire Protogenes live here?
 Yes, sir, says she with gracious air,
 And curt'sey low; but just call'd out
 By lords peculiarly devout;
 Who came on purpose, sir, to borrow
 Our Venus, for the feast to-morrow,
 To grace the church: 'tis Venus' day:
 I hope, sir, you intend to stay,

To see our Venus: 'tis the piece
The most renown'd throughout all Greece,
So like th' original, they say:
But I have no great skill that way.
But, sir, at six ('tis now past three)
Dromo must make my master's tea:
At six, sir, if you please to come,
You'll find my master, sir, at home.

Tea, says a critic big with laughter,
Was found some twenty ages after:
Authors, before they write, should read.
'Tis very true: but we'll proceed.

And, sir, at present wou'd you please
To leave your name——fair maiden, yes.
Reach me that board. No sooner spoke
But done. With one judicious stroke,
On the plain ground Apelles drew
A circle regularly true;
And will you please, sweet-heart, said he,
To shew your master this from me?
By it he presently will know,
How painters write their names at Co.

He gave the pannel to the maid.
Smiling and curt'sing, sir, she said,
I shall not fail to tell my master:
And, sir, for fear of all disaster,
I'll keep it my own self: safe bind,
Says the old proverb, and safe find.
So, sir, as sure as key or lock——
Your servant sir——at six a clock.

Again at six Apelles came;
Found the same prating civil dame.
Sir, that my master has been here,
Will by the board itself appear.
If from the perfect line he found,
He has presum'd to swell the round,
Or colours on the draught to lay;
'Tis thus (he order'd me to say)
Thus write the painters of this isle:
Let those of Co remark the style.

She said; and to his hand restor'd
The rival pledge, the missive board.
Upon the happy line were laid
Such obvious light, and easy shade;
That Paris' apple stood confess't,
Or Leda's egg, or Cloe's breast.

Apelles view'd the finish'd piece;
And live, said he, the arts of Greece!
Howe'er Protogenes and I
May in our rival talents vie;
Howe'er our works may have express'd,
Who truest drew, or colour'd best;
When he beheld my flowing line;
He found at least I could design:
And from his artful round, I grant,
That he with perfect skill can paint.
The dullest genius cannot fail
To find the moral of my tale:
That the distinguish'd part of men,
With compass, pencil, sword, or pen,

Should in life's visit leave their name,
 In characters, which may proclaim,
 That they with ardor strove to raise
 At once their arts, and country's praise;
 And in their working took great care,
 That all was full, and round, and fair.

DEMOCRITUS and HERACLITUS.

DEMOCRITUS, dear droll, revisit earth,
 And with our follies glut thy heighten'd mirth:
 Sad Heraclitus, serious wretch, return,
 In louder grief our greater crimes to mourn.
 Between you both I unconcern'd stand by:
 Hurt, can I laugh? and honest, need I cry?

For my own Tombstone.

TO me 'twas giv'n to die: to thee 'tis giv'n
 To live: alas! one moment sets us ev'n.
 Mark! how impartial is the will of heav'n?

GUALTERUS DANISTONUS ad amicos.

DUM studeo fungi fallentis munere vitae,
 Adfectoque viam sedibus Elysiis,
 Arctoa florens sophiâ, Samisique superbus
 Discipulis, animas morte carere cano.
 Has ego corporibus profugas ad sidera mitto;]
 Sideraque ingressis otia blanda dico;
 Qualia conveniunt divia, queis fata volebant
 Vitâi faciles molliter ire vias:
 Vinaque coelicolis modis inter gaudia libo;

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Et me quid majus suspitor esse viro.
 Sed fuerint nulli forsitan, quos sperandum, coeli;
 Nullaque sint Ditis munera, nulla Jovis.
 Fabula sit terris agitur quas vita reliquit;
 Quique superstes, homo; qui nihil, esto deus.
 Attamen esse hilares, et inanes mittere curas
 Proderit, ac vitas commoditate frui,
 Et festos agitasse dies, acvique fugacis
 Tempora perpetuis detinuisse joci.
 His me parentem praeceptis occupet orcus,
 Et mors; seu divum, seu nihil esse velit:
 Nam sophia ars illa est, quae fallere suaviter horas
 Admonet, atque orci non timuisse minas.

I M I T A T E D.

STUDIOUS the busy moments to deceive,
 That fleet between the cradle and the grave,
 I credit what the Grecian dictates say,
 And Samian sounds o'er Scotia's hills convey.
 When mortal man resigns his transient breath;
 The body only I give o'er to death,
 The parts dissolv'd, and broken frame I mourn:
 What came from earth, I see to earth return.
 The immaterial part, th' aethereal soul,
 Nor can change vanquish; nor can death controul.
 Glad I release it from its partner's cares;
 And bid good angels waft it to the stars.
 Then in the flowing bowl I drown those sighs,
 Which, spight of wisdom, from our weakness rise.
 The draught to the dead's mem'ry I commend,
 And offer to the now immortal friend.

But if oppos'd to what my thoughts approve,
 Nor Pluto's rage there be, nor pow'r of Jove;
 On it's dark side if thou the prospect take;
 Grant all forgot beyond black Lethe's lake:
 In total death suppose the mortal lie,
 No new hereafter, nor a future sky:
 Yet bear thy lot content; yet cease to grieve:
 Why, ere death comes, dost thou forbear to live?
 The little time thou hast, 'twixt instant now
 And fate's approach, is all the gods allow:
 And of this little hast thou ought to spare
 To sad reflection, and corroding care?
 The moments past, if thou art wise, retrieve
 With pleasant mem'ry of the bliss they gave.
 The pleasant hours in present mirth employ,
 And bribe the future with the hopes of joy.
 The future (few or more, howe'er they be)
 Were destin'd erst; nor can by fate's decree
 Be now cut off, betwixt the grave and thee.

The first HYMN of CALLIMACHUS
 to JUPITER.

WHILE we to Jove select the holy victim,
 Whom apter shall we sing, than Jove himself,
 The God forever great, for ever king;
 Who slew the earth-born race, and measures right
 To heav'n's great habitants? Dictæan hear'st thou
 More joyful, or Lycæan, long dispute
 And various thought has trac'd. On Ida's mount,
 Or Dictæ, studious of his country's praise,

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

31

The Crætan boasts thy natal place: but oft
 He meets reproof deserv'd: for he presumptuous
 Has built a tomb for thee, who never know'st
 To die, but liv'st the same to-day and ever.
 Arcadian therefore be thy birth: great Rhea
 Pregnant to high Parrhasia's cliffs retir'd,
 And wild Lycæus, black with shading pines:
 Holy retreat! Sithence no female hither,
 Conscious of social love and nature's rites,
 Must dare approach, from the inferior reptile
 To woman, form divine. There the blest parent
 Ungirt her spacious bosom, and discharg'd
 The pond'rous birth: she sought the neighb'ring spring
 To wash the recent babe: in vain: Arcadia,
 (However streamy,) now adust and dry,
 Deny'd the goddess water: where deep Melas,
 And rocky Crætis flow, the chariot smok'd
 Obscure with rising dust: the thirsty trav'ler
 In vain requir'd the current, then imprison'd
 In subterraneous caverns: forests grew
 Upon the barren hollows, high o'ershading
 The haunts of savage beasts, where now Iæon,
 And Erimanth incense their friendly urns.
 Thou too, O earth, great Rhea said, bring forth;
 And short shall be thy pangs: she said; and high
 She rear'd her arm, and with her sceptre struck
 The yawning cliff: from its disparted height
 Adown the mount the gushing torrent ran,
 And cheer'd the vallies: there the heav'nly mother
 Bath'd, mighty king, thy tender limbs: she wrapt them

In purple bands: she gave the precious pledge
 To prudent Neda, charging her to guard thee,
 Careful and secret: Neda, of the nymphs
 That tended the great birth, next Philyre
 And Styx, the eldest. Smiling she receiv'd thee,
 And conscious of the grace, absolv'd her trust:
 Not unrewarded; since the river bore
 The fav'rite virgin's name: fair Neda flows
 By Leprion's ancient walls, a fruitful stream.
 Fast by her flow'ry bank the sons of Arcas,
 Fav'rites of heav'n, with happy care protect
 Their fleecy charge; and joyous drink her wave.

Thence, God, to Cnosus Neda brought: the nymphs
 And Corybantes thee their sacred charge
 Receiv'd: Adrasle rock'd thy golden cradle:
 The goat, now bright amidst her fellow stars,
 Kind Amalthea, reach'd her teat distant
 With milk, thy early food: the sedulous bee
 Distill'd her honey on thy purple lips.

Around, the fierce Curetes (order solemn
 To thy foreknowing mother!) trod tumultuous
 Their mystic dance, and clang'd their sounding arms;
 Industrious with the warlike din to quell
 Thy infant cries, and mock the ear of Saturn.
 Swift growth and wond'rous grace, O heav'nly Jove,
 Waited thy blooming years: inventive wit,
 And perfect judgment crown'd thy youthful act.
 That Saturn's sons receiv'd the three-fold empire
 Of heav'n, and of ocean, and deep hell beneath,
 As the dark urn and chance of lot determin'd,

Old poets mention, fabling Things of moment
Well nigh equivalent and neighb'ring value
By lot are parted but high Heav'n thy share,
In equal balance laid 'gainst sea or hell.
Flings up the adverse scale, and shuns proportion.
Wherefore not chance, but pow'r, above thy brethren
Exalted thee, their king When thy great will
Commands thy chariot forth: impetuous strength,
And fiery swiftness wing the rapid wheels,
Incessant high the eagle flies before thee.
And oh! as I and mine consult thy augur,
Grant thy glad omen; let thy fav'rite rise
Propitious, ever soaring from the right.

Thou to the lesser gods hast well assign'd
Their proper shares of pow'r: thy own, great Jove,
Boundless and universal Those who labour
The sweaty forge, who edge the crooked scythe,
Bend stubborn steel, and harden gleaming armor,
Acknowledge Vulcan's aid. The early hunter
Blesses Diana's hand, who leads him safe
O'er hanging cliffs; who spreads his net successful,
And guides the arrow through the panther's heart.
The soldier from successful camps returning,
With laurel wreath'd, and rich with hostile spoil,
Severs the bull to Mars. The skilful bard,
Striking the Thracian harp invokes Apollo,
To make his hero and himself immortal
Those, mighty Jove, mean time thy glorious care,
Who model nations, publish laws, announce
Or life or death, and found or change the empire.

Man owns the pow'r of kings; and kings of Jove.

And as their actions tend subordinate

To what thy will designs, thou giv'st the means
Proportion'd to the work; thou see'st impartial,
How they those means employ. Each monarch rules
His different realm, accountable to thee,
Great ruler of the world: these only have
To speak and be obey'd; to those are giv'n
Assistant days to ripen the design;
To some whole months; revolving years to some:
Others, ill-fated are condemn'd to toil
Their tedious life, and mourn their purpose blasted
With fruitless act, and impotence of council.

Hail! greatest son of Saturn, wise disposer
Of ev'ry good: thy praise what man yet born
Has sung? or who that may be born shall sing?
Again, and often hail! indulge our prayer,
Great father! grant us virtue, grant us wealth:
For without virtue, wealth to man avails not;
And virtue without wealth exerts less pow'r,
And less diffuses good. Then grant us, gracious,
Virtue and wealth; for both are of thy gift.

The second HYMN of CALLIMACHUS
to APOLLO.

HAH! how the laurel, great Apollo's tree,
And all the cavern shakes! far off, far off,
The man that is unhallow'd: for the God,
The God approaches. Hark! he knocks; the gates

Feel the glad impulse: and the sever'd bars
Submissive clink against their brazen portals.
Why do the Delian palms incline their boughs,
Self-mov'd: and hov'ring swans, their throats releas'd
From native silence, carol sounds harmonious?

Begin, young men, the hymn: let all your harps
Break their inglorious silence; and the dance,
In mystic numbers trod, explain the music.
But first by ardent pray'r, and clear lustration
Purge the contagious spots of human weakness:
Impure no mortal can behold Apollo.
So may ye flourish favour'd by the god,
In youth with happy nuptials, and in age
With silver hairs, and fair descent of children;
So lay foundations for aspiring cities,
And bless your spreading colonies' encrease.

Pay sacred rev'rence to Apollo's song;
Lest wrathful the far-shooting God emit
His fatal arrows. Silent nature stands;
And seas subside, obedient to the sound
Of Io, Io Pean! nor dares Thetis
Longer bewail her lov'd Achilles' death:
For Phoebus was his foe. Nor must sad Niobe
In fruitless sorrow persevere, or weep
Ev'n thro' the Phrygian marble. Hapless mother!
Whose fondness could compare her mortal off-spring
To those which fair Latona bore to Jove.
Io! again repeat ye, Io Pean!

Against the Deity 'tis hard to strive.
He that resists the pow'r of Ptolemy,

Resists the pow'r of heav'n: for pow'r from heav'n
Derives; and monarchs rule by gods appointed.

Recite Apollo's praise, till night draws on,
The ditty still unfinish'd. and the day
Unequal to the Godhead's attributes
Various, and matter copious of your songs.

Sublime at Jove's right hand Apollo sits,
And thence distributes honour, gracious king,
And theme of verse perpetual. From his robe
Flows light ineffable: his harp, his quiver,
And Liſſian bow are gold: with golden sandals
His feet are shod: how rich! how beautiful!
Beneath his steps the yellow min'ral rises:
And earth reveals her treasures. Youth and beauty
Eternal deck his cheek: from his fair head
Perfumes distill their sweets; and chearful Health,
His duteous handmaid, thro' the air improv'd,
With lavish hand diffuses scents ambrosial.

The spear-man's arm by thee, great God, directed,
Sends forth a certain wound. The laurel'd bard,
Inspir'd by thee, composes verse immortal.
Taught by thy art divine, the sage physician
Eludes the urn; and chains, or exiles death.

Thee Nomian we adore; for that from heav'n
Descending thou on fair Amphrysus' banks
Didst guard Admetus' herds. Sithence the cow
Produc'd an ampler store of milk; the she-goat
Not without pain dragg'd her distended udder;
And ewes, that erst brought forth but single lambs,
Now dropp'd their two-fold burdens. Bless the cattle,

On which Apollo cast his frowning eye!

But, Phoebus, thou to man beneficent,
Delight'st in building cities. Bright Diana,
Kind sister to thy infant-deity
New-wean'd, and just arising from the cradle,
Brought hunted wild goats-heads, and branching antlers
Of stags, the fruit and honour of her toil.
These with discerning hand thou know'st to range,
(Young as thou wast) and in the well-fram'd models,
With emblematic skill, and mystic order,
Thou shew'dst, where towers or battlements should rise;
Where gates should open; or where walls should com-
While from thy childish pastime man receiv'd [pass:
The future strength, and ornament of nations.

Battus, our great progenitor, now touch'd
The Libyan strand; when the foreboding crow
Flew on the right before the people, marking
The country destin'd the auspicious seat
Of future kings, and favour of the God,
Whose oath is sure, and promise stands eternal.

Or Boedromian hear'st thou pleas'd, or Clarian,
Phoebus, great king? for diff'rent are thy names,
As thy kind hand has founded many cities,
Or dealt benign thy various gifts to man.
Carnean let me call thee; for my country
Calls thee Carnean: the fair colony
Thrice by thy gracious guidance was transported,
Ere settl'd in Cyrene; there w' appointed
Thy annual feasts, kind god, and bless thy altars
Smoaking with hecatombs of slaughter'd bulls;

As Carnus, thy high priest and favour'd friend,
 Had erst ordain'd; and with mysterious rites,
 Our great forefathers taught their sons to worship.
 Io Carnean Phoebus! Io Pean!

The yellow Crocus there, and fair Narcissus
 Reserve the honours of their winter store,
 To deck thy temple; 'till returning spring
 Diffuses nature's various pride; and flow'rs
 Innumerable, by the soft south-west
 Open'd, and gather'd by religious hands,
 Rebound their sweets from th' odoriferous pavement.
 Perpetual fires shine hallow'd on thy altars,
 When annual the Carnean feast is held:
 The warlike Libyans clad in armor, lead
 The dance; with clanging swords and shields they beat
 The dreadful measure: in the chorus join
 Their women, brown but beautiful: such rites
 To thee well pleasing. Nor had yet thy votaries,
 From Greece transplanted, touch'd Cyrene's banks,
 And lauds determin'd for their last abodes;
 But wander'd thro' Azilis' horrid forest
 Dispers'd; when from Myrtusa's craggy brow,
 Fond of the maid, auspicious to the city,
 Which must hereafter bear her favour'd name,
 Thou gracious deign'st to let the fair one view
 Her Typic people; thou with pleasure taught'st her
 To draw the bow, to slay the shaggy lyon,
 And stop the spreading ruin of the plains.
 Happy the nymph, who honour'd by thy passion,
 Was aided by thy pow'r! the monstrous Python

Durst tempt thy wrath in vain: for dead he fell,
To thy great strength, and golden arms unequal.

Io! while thy unerring hand elanc'd
Another, and another dart; the people
Joyful repeated Io! Io Pean!
Elance the dart, Apollo: for the safety,
And health of man, gracious thy mother bore thee.

Envy thy latest foe suggested thus:
Like thee I am a pow'r immortal; therefore
To thee dare speak. How canst thou favour partial
Those poets who write little? vast and great
Is what I love: the far-extended ocean
To a small riv'let I prefer. Apollo
Spurn'd Envy with his foot; and thus the god:
Daemon, the head-long current of Euphrates,
Assyrian river, copious runs, but muddy;
And carries forward with his stupid force
Polluting dirt; his torrent still augmenting.
His wave still more defil'd: mean while the nymphs
Melissan, sacred and recluse to Ceres,
Studious to have their off'rings well receiv'd,
And fit for heav'nly use, from little urns
Pour streams select, and purity of waters.

Io! Apollo, mighty king, let Envy
Ill-judging and verbose, from Lethe's lake,
Draw tuns unmeasurable; while thy favour
Administers to my ambitious thirst
The wholesome draught from Aganippe's spring
Genuine, and with soft murmurs gently rilling
Adown the mountains where thy daughters haunt.

C H A R I T Y.

A PARAPHRASE on the thirteenth CHAPTER of
the first EPISTLE to the CORINTHIANS.

DID sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue,
Than ever man pronounce'd, or angel sung:
Had I all knowledge, human and divine,
That thought can reach, or science can define;
And had I pow'r to give that knowledge birth,
In all the speeches of the babling earth:
Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast inspire,
To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire;
Or had I faith like that which Israel saw,
When Moses gave them miracles, and law:
Yet gracious Charity, indulgent guest,
Were not thy pow'r exerted in my breast;
Those speeches would send up unheeded pray'r:
That scorn of life would be but wild despair:
A tymbal's sound were better than my voice:
My faith were form: my eloquence were noise.

Charity, decent, modest, easy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind;
Knows with just reins, and gentle hand to guide,
Betwixt vile shame and arbitrary pride.
Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives;
And much she suffers, as she much believes.
Soft peace she brings where ever she arrives:
She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives;
Lays the rough paths of peevish nature ev'n;

And opens in each heart a little Heav'n.

Each other gift, which God on man bestows,
Its proper bounds, and due restriction knows ;
To one fix'd purpose dedicates its power ;
And finishing its act, exists no more.

Thus, in obedience to what heav'n decrees,
Knowledge shall fail, and prophecy shall cease :
But lasting Charity's more ample sway,
Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,
In happy triumph shall for ever live,
And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive.

As thro' the artist's interveining glass,
Our eye observes the distant planets pass ;
A little we discover ; but allow,
That more remains unseen, than art can show :
So whilst our mind its knowledge would improve
(Its feeble eye intent on things above)
High as we may, we lift our reason up,
By faith directed, and confirm'd by hope :
Yet are we able only to survey
Dawnings of beams, and promises of day.
Heav'n's fuller effluence mocks our dazzl'd sight ;
Too great its swiftness, and too strong its light.

But soon the mediate clouds shall be dispell'd :
The sun shall soon be face to face beheld,
In all his robes, with all his glory on,
Seated sublime on his meridian throne.

Then constant faith, and holy hope shall die,
One lost in certainty, and one in joy :
Whilst thou, more happy pow'r, fair Charity,

Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,
 Thy office, and thy nature still the same,
 Lasting thy lamp, and unconsum'd thy flame,
 Shalt still survive——
 Shalt stand before the host of heav'n confest,
 For ever blessing, and for ever blest.

Engraven on a COLUMN in the church of HALSTEAD
 in ESSEX. The spire of which, burnt down by
 lightning, was rebuilt at the expence of Mr. SA-
 MUEL FISKE, 1717.

VIEW not this spire by measure giv'n
 To buildings rais'd by common hands:
 That fabric rises high as heav'n,
 Whose basis on devotion stands.

While yet we draw this vital breath,
 We can our faith and hope declare:
 But Charity beyond our death
 Will ever in our works appear.

Best be he call'd among good men,
 Who to his God this column rais'd:
 Tho' lightning strike the dome again;
 The man, who built it, shall be prais'd.

Yet spires and tow'rs in dust shall lie,
 The weak efforts of human pains:
 And Faith, and Hope themselves shall die;
 While deathless Charity remains.

Written in MONTAIGNE'S Essays, given to the duke
of SHREWSBURY in FRANCE, after the peace,

1713.

DICTATE, O mighty judge, what thou hast seen
Of cities, and of courts, of books, and men;
And deign to let thy servant hold the pen.

Thro' ages thus I may presume to live;
And from the transcript of thy prose receive,
What my own short-liv'd verse can never give.

Thus shall fair Britain with a gracious smile
Accept the work; and the instructed isle,
Far more than treaties made, shall bless my toil.

Nor longer hence the Gallic style preferr'd,
Wisdom in English idiom shall be heard;
While Talbot tells the world, where Montaigne err'd.

A N E P I S T L E,

Desiring the QUEEN'S picture. Written at Paris,
1714. But left unfinished, by the sudden news of
her MAJESTY'S death.

THE train of equipage and pomp of state,
The shining side-board, and the burnish'd plate
Let other ministers, great Anne, require;
And partial fall thy gift to their desire.
To the fair portrait of my sov'reign dame,
To that alone, eternal be my claim.

My bright defender, and my dread delight,
If ever I found favour in thy sight;
If all the pains that for thy Britain's sake
My past has took, or future life may take,
Be grateful to my Queen: permit my pray'r,
And with this gift reward my total care.
Will thy indulgent hand, fair saint, allow
The boon? and will thy ear accept the vow?
That in despite of age, of impious flame,
And eating time, thy picture like thy fame
Entire may last; that as their eyes survey
The semblant shade, men yet unborn may say,
Thus great, thus gracious look'd Britannia's queen;
Her brow thus smooth, her look was thus serene;
When to a low, but to a loyal hand
The mighty empress gave her high command,
That he to hostile camps, and kings shou'd haste,
To speak her vengeance, as their danger, past;
To say, she wills detested wars to cease;
She checks her conquest, for her subjects ease;
And bids the world attend her terms of peace.

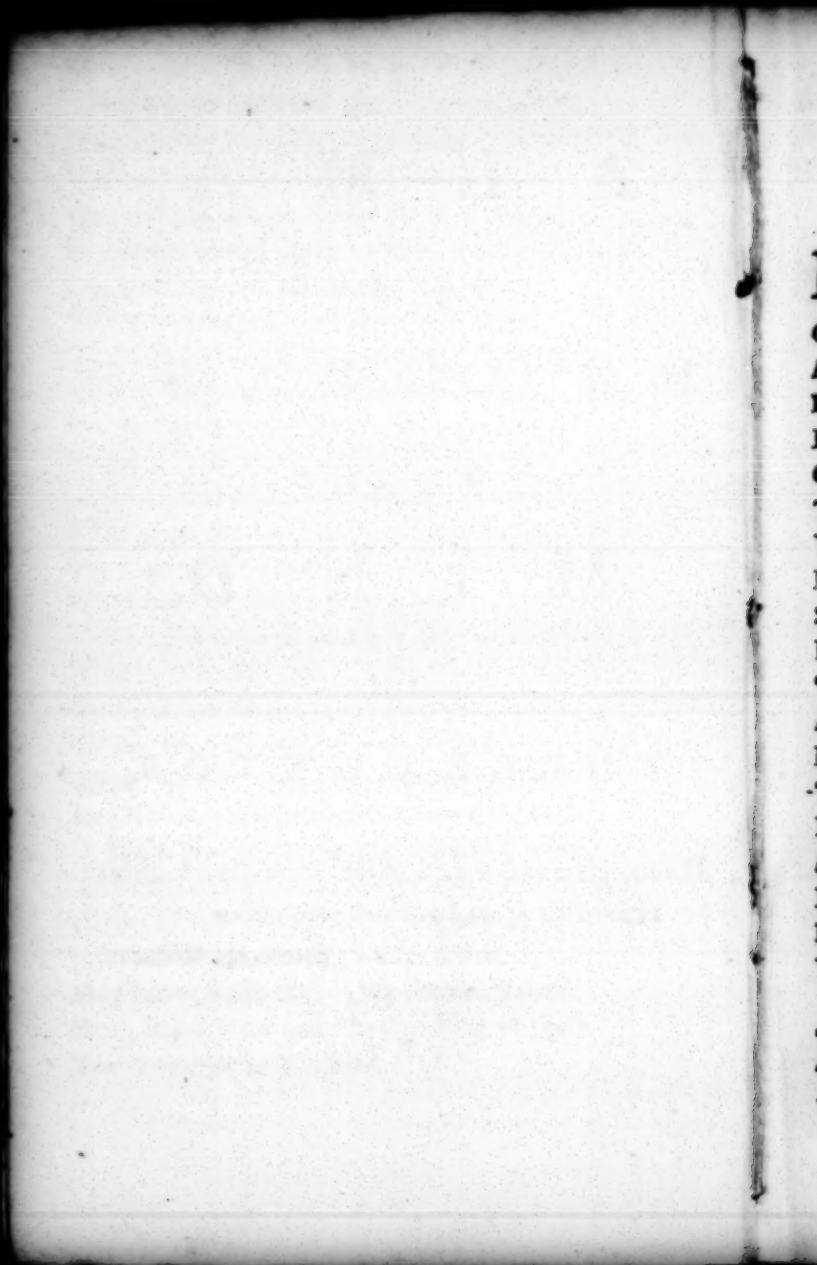
Thee, gracious Anne, thee present I adore,
Thee, Queen of peace—if time and fate have power
Higher to raise the glories of thy reign;
In words sublimer, and a nobler strain,
May future bards the mighty theme rehearse,
Here, Stator Jove, and Phoebus king of verse,
The votive tablet I suspend . . .

A L M A:
OR, THE
P R O G R E S S
OF THE
M I N D.

I N
T H R E E C A N T O S.

Πάντα γέλως, ἢ πάντα κένις, ἢ πάντα τὸ μηδέν
Πάντα γὰρ ἐξ ἀλόγων ἐστὶ γιγνομένα.

Incert. ap. Stobaeum.



FIRST CANTO.

MATTHEW met Richard, when or where
From story is not mighty clear :

Of many knotty points they spoke;
And pro and con by turns they took.

Rats half the manuscript have eat :
Dire hunger! which we still regret :

O! may they ne'er again digest
The horrors of so sad a feast.

Yet less our grief, if what remains,
Dear Jacob, by thy care and pains
Shall be to future times convey'd.

It thus begins :

• • • • Here Matthew said :

Alma in verse ; in prose, the mind,
By Aristotle's pen desin'd,

Throughout the body squat or tall,
Is *bona fide*, all in all.

And yet, slap dash, is all again

In ev'ry sinew, nerve, and vein :

Runs here and there, like Hamlet's ghost;

While every where she rules the roast.

This System, Richard, we are told,

The men of Oxford firmly hold.

The Cambridge wits, you know, deny

With *ipse dixit* to comply.

They say (for in good truth they speak
With small respect of that old Greek)
That, putting all his words together,
'Tis three blue beans in one blue bladder.

Alma, they strenuously maintain,
Sits cock-horse on her throne the brain;
And from that seat of thought dispenses
Her sov'reign pleasure to the senses.
Two optic nerves, they say, she tyes,
Like spectacles, a-cross the eyes;
By which the spirits bring her word,
Whene'er the balls are fix'd, or stirr'd;
How quick at park and play they strike;
The Duke they court; the toast they like;
And at St. James's turn their grace
From former friends, now out of place.

Without these aids, to be more serious,
Her pow'r, they hold, had been precarious:
The eyes might have conspir'd her ruin;
And she not known, what they were doing.
Foolish it had been, and unkind,
That they should see, and she be blind.

Wise nature likewise, they suppose,
Has drawn two conduits down our nose:
Cou'd Alma else with judgment tell,
When Cabbage stinks, or Roses smell?
Or who would ask for her opinion
Between an Oyster and an Onion?
For from most bodies, Dick, you know,
Some little bits ask leave to flow;

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

And, as thro' these canals they roll,
Bring up a sample of the whole.
Like footmen running before coaches,
To tell the inn, what lord approaches.
By nerves about our palate plac'd,
She likewise judges of the taste.
Else (dismal thought!) our warlike men
Might drink thick Port, for fine Champagne;
And our ill-judging wives and daughters
Mistake small-beer for Citron waters.

Hence too, that she might better hear,
She sets a drum at either ear;
And loud or gentle, harsh or sweet,
Are but th' Alarums which they beat.

Last to enjoy her sense of feeling
(A thing she much delights to deal in)
A thousand little nerves she sends
Quite to our toes, and fingers' ends;
And these in gratitude again
Return their spirits to the brain;
In which their figure being printed
(As just before, I think, I hinted)
Alma inform'd can try the case,
As she had been upon the place.

Thus, while the judge gives diff'rent journeys
To country counsel, and attornies;
He on the bench in quiet sits,
Deciding, as they bring the writs.
The Pope thus prays and sleeps at Rome,
And very seldom stirs from home;

Yet sending forth his holy spies,
And having heard what they advise,
He rules the church's blest dominions,
And sets men's faith by his opinions.

The scholars of the Stagyrte,
Who for the old opinion fight,
Would make their modern friends confess,
The diff'rence but from more to less.
The Mind, say they, while you sustain
To hold her station in the brain;
You grant, at least, she is extended:
Ergo the whole dispute is ended.
For 'till to-morrow shou'd you plead
From form and structure of the head;
The Mind as visibly is seen
Extended thro' the whole Machine.
Why shou'd all honour then be ta'en
From lower parts to load the brain:
When other limbs we plainly see,
Each in his way, as brisk as he?
For music, grant the head receives it;
It is the artist's hand that gives it.
And tho' the scull may wear the laurel;
The soldier's arm sustains the quarrel.
Besides, the nostrils, ears, and eyes
Are not his parts, but his allies.
Ev'n what you hear the tongue proclaim,
Comes *ab origine* from them.
What could the head perform alone,
If all their friendly aids were gone?

A foolish figure he must make;
Do nothing else, but sleep and ake.

Nor matters it, that you can show,
How to the head the spirits go.
Those spirits started from some goal,
Before they thro' the veins cou'd roll.
Now we should hold them much to blame,
If they went back, before they came.

If therefore, as we must suppose,
They came from fingers, and from toes;
Or toes, or fingers, in this case,
Of Num-scull's self shou'd take the place.
Disputing fair, you grant thus much,
That all sensation is but touch.

Dip but your toes into cold water,
Their correspondent teeth will chatter:
And strike the bottom of your feet;
You set your head into a heat.
The bully beat, and happy lover
Confess, that feeling lies all over.

Note here, Lucretius dares to teach
(As all our youth may learn from Creech)
That eyes were made, but could not view;
Nor hands embrace, nor feet pursue:
But heedless nature did produce
The members first, and then the use.
What each must act, was yet unknown,
'Till all is mov'd by chance alone.

A man first builds a country seat;
Then finds the walls not good to eat,

Another plants, and wond'ring sees
Nor books, nor medals on his trees.
Yet poet and philosopher
Was he, who durst such whims aver.
Blest, for his sake, be human reason,
That came at all, tho' late, in season.

But no man sure ere left his house,
And saddl'd Ball with thoughts so wild,
To bring a midwife to his spouse,
Before he knew she was with child.
And no man ever reapt his corn,
Or from the oven drew his bread,
Ere hinds and bakers yet were born,
That taught them both to sow and knead.
Before they're ask'd, can maids refuse?
Can——Pray, says Dick, hold in your muse,
While you Pindaric truths rehearse;
She hobbles in alternate verse.
Verse? Mat. reply'd: is that my care?
Go on, quoth Richard, soft and fair.

This looks, friend Dick, as nature had
But exercis'd the salesman's trade:
As if she haply had sat down,
And cut out cloaths for all the town:
Then sent them out to Monmouth street,
To try, what persons they would fit.
But ev'ry free and licenc'd taylor
Would in this thesis find a failure.
Should whims like these his head perplex,
How could he work for either sex?

His cloaths, as atomes might prevail,
Might fit a pifare, or a whale.

No, no : he views with studious pleasure
Your shape, before he takes your measure.
For real Kate he made the boddice,
And not for an ideal goddeſs.

No error near his ſhop-board lurk'd :
He knew the folks for whom he work'd.
Still to their ſize he aim'd his ſkill :
Elſe, pr'ythee, who would pay his bill ?

Next, Dick, if Chance herſelf ſhou'd vary ;
Obſerve, how matters would miſcarry :
Acroſs your eyes, friend, place your ſhoes ;
Your ſpectacles upon your toes ;
Then you and Memmius ſhall agree,
How nicely men would walk, or ſee.

But wiſdom, peeviſh and croſs grain'd,
Muſt be oppos'd, to be ſuſtain'd.
And ſtill your knowledge will increaſe,
As you make other people's leſs.
In arms and ſcience 'tis the ſame :
Our rivals hurts create our fame.

At Faubert's if diſputes ariſe
Among the champions for the prize ;
To prove, who gave the fairer butt,
John ſhews the chalk on Robert's coat.
So, for the honour of your book,
It tells, where other folks miſtook :
And, as their notions you confound,
Thoſe you invent get farther ground.

The commentators on old Aristotle ('tis urg'd) in judgment vary :
 They to their own conceits have brought
 The image of his general thought.
 Just as the melancholic eye
 Sees fleets and armies in the sky;
 And to the poor apprentice ear
 The bells sound Whittington Lord May'r.
 The conj'rer thus explains his scheme :
 Thus spirits walk, and prophets dream ;
 North-Britons thus have second sight ;
 And Germans free from gun-shot fight.

Theodoret, and Origen,
 And fifty other learned men
 Attest, that if their comments find
 The traces of their master's mind ;
 Alma can ne'er decay nor die :
 This flatly t'other sect deny,
 Simplicius, Theophrast, Durand ;
 Great names, but hard in verse to stand.
 They wonder men should have mistook
 The Tenets of their master's book ;
 And hold, that Alma yields her breath,
 O'ercome by age, and seiz'd by death.
 Now which were wise ? and which were fools ?
 Poor Alma sits between two stools :
 The more she reads, the more perplex ;
 The comment ruining the text :
 Now fears, now hopes her doubtful fate :
 But Richard, let her look to that——

Whilst we our own affairs pursue.
These diff'rent systems, old or new,
A man with half an eye may see,
Were only form'd to disagree.
Now to bring things to fair conclusion,
And save much Christian ink's effusion ;
Let me propose an healing scheme,
And sail along the middle stream :
For, Dick, if we could reconcile
Old Aristotle with Gassendus ;
How many would admire our toil ?
And yet how few would comprehend us ?
Here, Richard, let my scheme commence,
Oh ! may my words be lost in sense ;
While pleas'd Thalia deigns to write
The slips and bounds of Alma's flight.
My simple system shall suppose,
That Alma enters at the toes ;
That then she mounts by just degrees
Up to the ancles, legs, and knees :
Next as the sap of life does rise,
She lends her vigor to the thighs ;
And, all these under regions past,
She nestles somewhere near the waste :
Gives pain or pleasure, grief or laughter ;
As we shall show at large hereafter.
Mature, if not improv'd, by time
Up to the heart she loves to climb :
From thence, compell'd by craft and age,
She makes the head her latest stage.

From the feet upward to the head ;
 Pithy, and short, says Dick : proceed.

Dick, this is not an idle notion :
 Observe the progress of the motion :
 First I demonstratively prove,
 That feet were only made to move ;
 And legs desire to come and go :
 For they have nothing else to do.
 Hence, long before the child can crawl,
 He learns to kick, and wince, and sprawl :
 To hinder which, your midwife knows
 To bind those parts extremely close ;
 Lest Alma newly enter'd in,
 And stann'd at her own christ'ning's din,
 Fearful of future grief and pain,
 Should silently sneak out again.
 Full piteous seems young Alma's case :
 As in a luckless gamester's place,
 She would not play, yet must not pass.

Again as she grows something stronger,
 And master's feet are swath'd no longer,
 If in the night too oft he kicks,
 Or shows his *loco-motive* tricks ;
 These first assaults fat Kate repays him,
 When half-asleep she overlays him.

Now mark, dear Richard, from the age,
 That children tread this worldly stage,
 Broom-staff or poker they bestride,
 And round the parlor love to ride ;

'Till thoughtful father's pious care
Provides his brood, next Smithfield fair,
With supplemental hobby-horses;
And happy be their infant cources!

Hence for some years they ne'er stand still:
Their legs, you see, direct their will.
From opening morn 'till setting sun,
Around the fields and woods they run:
They frisk, and dance, and leap, and play;
Nor heed, what Friend or Snake can say.

To her next stage as Alma flies,
And likes, as I have said, the thighs:
With sympathetic pow'r she warms
Their good allies and friends, the arms.
While Betty dances on the green;
And Susan is at stool-ball seen:
While John for nine-pins does declare;
And Roger loves to pitch the bar;
Both legs and arms spontaneous move:
Which was the thing I meant to prove.

Another motion now she makes:
O need I name the feat she takes?
His thought quit chang'd the stripling finds;
The sport and race no more he minds:
Neglected Tray and Pointer lie:
And covies unmolested fly.
Sudden the jocund plain he leaves;
And for the nymph in secret grieves.
In dying accents he complains
Of cruel fires, and raging pains.

The nymph too longs to be alone ;
Leaves all the swains and sighs for one.
The nymph is warm'd with young desire ;
And feels, and dies to quench his fire.
They meet each evening in the grove :
Their parley but augments their love.
So to the priest their ease they tell :
He ties the knot ; and all goes well.

But, O my Muse, just distance keep :
Thou art a maid, and must not peep.
In nine month's time the boddice loose,
And petticoats too short, disclose,
That at this age the active mind
About the waste lies most confin'd ;
And that young life, and quick'ning sense
Spring from his influence darted thence.
So from the middle of the world
The Sun's prolific rays are hurl'd :
'Tis from that seat he darts those beams,
Which quicken earth with genial flames.

Dick, who thus long had passive sat,
Here stroak'd his chin, and cock'd his hat ;
Then slapp'd his hand upon the board ;
And thus the youth put in his word.
Loves advocates, sweet Sir, would find him
A higher place than you assign'd him.
Love's advocates, Dick, who are those?—
The poets, you may well suppose.
I'm sorry, Sir, you have discarded
The men, with whom 'till now you herded.

Prose-men alone for private ends,
I thought, forsook their ancient friends.
In cor stillavit, cries Lucretius;
If he may be allow'd to teach us.
The self-same thing soft Ovid says
(A proper judge in such a case.)
Horace his phrase is *torret jecur*;
And happy was that curious speaker.
Here Virgil too has plac'd this passion:
What signifies too long quotation?
In Ode and Epic plain the case is,
That love holds one of these two places.

Dick, without passion or reflection,
I'll straight demolish this objection.

First poets, all the world agrees,
Write half to profit, half to please.
Matter and figure they produce;
For garnish this, and that for use;
And, in the structure of their feasts,
They seek to feed, and please their guests:
But one may balk this good intent,
And take things otherwise than meant.
Thus, if you dine with my Lord May'r,
Roast-beef, and ven'son is your fare:
Thence you proceed to swan, and bustard,
And persevere in tart, and custard:
But Tulip-leaves, and Limon-peel
Help only to adorn the meal:
And painted flags, superb and neat,
Proclaim you welcome to the treat.

The man of sense his meat devours ;
But only smells the peel, and flow'rs :
And he must be an idle dreamer,
Who leaves the pie, and gnaws the streamer.

That Cupid goes with bow and arrows,
And Venus keeps her coach and sparrows,
Is all but emblem to acquaint one,
The son is sharp, the mother wanton.
Such images have sometimes shown
A mystic sense, but oftner none.
For who conceives, what bards devise,
That heav'n is plac'd in Celia's eyes,
Or where's the sense, direct or moral,
That teeth are pearl, or lips are coral ?
Your Horace owns, he various writ,
As wild, or sober maggots bit :
And, where too much the poet ranted,
The sage philosopher recanted.
His grave Epistles may disprove
The wanton Odes he made to Love.

Lucretius keeps a mighty pother
With Cupid, and his fancy'd mother :
Calls her great queen of earth and air ;
Declares, that winds and seas obey her ;
And, while her honour he rehearſes,
Implores her to inspire his verses.

Yet, free from this poetic madness,
Next page he says in sober sadness,
That she and all her fellow-gods
Sit idling in their high abodes,

Regardless of this world below,
Our health or hanging, weal or woe;
Nor once disturb their heav'nly spirits
With Scapin's cheats, or Caesar's merits.

Nor e'er can Latin poets prove,
Where lies the real seat of love.
Jecur they burn, and Cor they pierce,
As either best supplies their verse:
And, if folks ask the reason for't,
Say, one was long, and t'other short.
Thus, I presume, the British muse,
May take the freedom strangers use.
In prose our property is greater:
Why should it then be less in metre?
If Cupid throws a single dart;
We make him wound the lover's heart:
But if he takes his bow, and quiver;
'Tis sure he must transfix the liver:
For rhyme with reason may dispense;
And sound has right to govern sense.

But let your friends in verse suppose,
What ne'er shall be allow'd in prose;
Anatomists can make it clear,
The Liver minds his own affair:
Kindly supplies our public uses;
And parts and strains the vital juices;
Still lays some useful bile aside,
To tinge the chyle's insipid tide:
Else we should want both gibe and satyr;
And all be burst with pure good nature.

Now gall is bitter with a witness;
And love is all delight and sweetness:
My logic then has lost its aim,
If sweet and bitter be the same:
And, he, methinks, is no great scholar,
Who can mistake desire for choler.

The like may of the Heart be said;
Courage and terror there are bred.
All those, whose hearts are loose and low,
Start, if they hear but the tattoo:
And mighty physical their fear is:
For, soon as noise of combat near is,
Their heart, descending to their breeches,
Must give their stomach cruel twitches.
But heroes who o'ercome or die,
Have their hearts hung extremely high:
The strings of which, in battle's heat,
Against their very corsets beat;
Keep time with their own trumpet's measure;
And yield 'em most excessive pleasure.
Now if 'tis chiefly in the heart,
That courage does itself exert;
'Twill be prodigious hard to prove,
That this is eke the throne of love.
Would nature make one place the seat
Of fond desire, and fell debate?
Most people only take delight in
Those hours, when they are tir'd with fighting?
And has no man, but who has kill'd
A father, right to get a child?

These notions then I think but idle:
And love shall still possess the middle.
This truth more plainly to discover,
Suppose your hero were a lover.
Tho' he before had gall and rage,
Which death, or conquest must assuage;
He grows dispirited and low:
He hates the fight, and shuns the foe.

In scornful sloth Achilles slept;
And for his wench, like Tall-boy, wept:
Nor would return to war and slaughter;
'Till they brought back the parson's daughter.

Antoni^{us} fled from Actium's coast,
Augustus pressing, Asia lost:
His sails by Cupid's hand unfurl'd,
To keep the fair, he gave the world.

Edward our fourth, rever'd and crown'd,
Vig'rous in youth, in arms renown'd;
While England's voice, and Warwick's care
Design'd him Gallia's beauteous heir;
Chang'd peace and pow'r for rage and wars,
Only to dry one widow's tears.

France's fourth Henry we may see,
A servant to the fair d'Estree;
When quitting Coutras prosp'rous field,
And fortune taught at length to yield,
He from his guards and midnight tent,
Disguis'd o'er hills and vallies went,
To wanton with the sprightly dame;
And in his pleasure lost his fame.

Bold is the critic, who dares prove,
 These heroes were no friends to love;
 And bolder he, who dares aver,
 That they were enemies to war.
 Yet, when their thoughts should, now or never,
 Have rais'd their Heart, or fir'd their Liver;
 Fond Alma to those parts was gone,
 Which Love more justly calls his own.

Examples I could cite you more;
 But be contented with these four:
 For when one's proofs are aptly chosen;
 Four are as valid as four dozen.
 One came from Greece, and one from Rome;
 The other two grew nearer home.*
 For some in antient books delight,
 Others prefer what moderns write;
 Now I should be extremely loth,
 Not to be thought expert in both.

T H E S E C O N D C A N T O.

BUT shall we take the Muse abroad,
 To drop her idly on the road?
 And leave our subject in the middle;
 As Butler did his bear and fiddle?
 Yet he, consummate master, knew
 When to recede, and where pursue:
 His noble negligencies teach,
 What others toils despair to reach.

He, perfect dancer, climbs the rope,
And ballances your fear and hope:
If after some distinguish'd leap,
He drops his pole, and seems to slip;
Straight gath'ring all his active strength,
He rises higher half his length.
With wonder you approve his flight;
And owe your pleasure to your fright.
But like poor Andrew, I advance,
False mimic of my master's dance:
Around the cord a while I sprawl;
And thence, tho' low, in earnest fall.

My preface tells you, I digress'd:
He's half absolv'd who has confess'd.

I like, quoth Dick, your similé:
And in return, take two from me.
As masters in the Clare obscure,
With various light your eyes allure:
A flaming yellow here they spread;
Draw off in blue, or charge in red:
Yet from these colours oddly mix'd,
Your sight upon the whole is fix'd.
Or as, again, your courtly dames
(Whose cloaths returning birth-day claims)
By arts improve the stuff they vary;
And things are best as most contrary.
The gown with stiff embroid'ry shining,
Looks charming with a slighter lining:
The out, if Indian figures stain;
The in-side must be rich and plain.

So you, great authors, have thought fit,
 To make digression temper wit :
 When arguments too fiercely glare,
 You calm 'em with a milder air :
 To break their points, you turn their force;
 And furbelow the plain discourse.

Richard, quoth Mat, these words of thine
 Speak something fly, and something fine :
 But I shall e'en resume my theme;
 However thou may'st praise, or blame.

As people marry now, and settle ;
 Fierce love abates his usual mettle :
 Worldly desires, and household cares
 Disturb the godhead's soft affairs :
 So now, as health or temper changes,
 In larger compass Alma ranges,
 This day below, the next above ;
 As light or solid whimsies move.
 So merchant has his house in town,
 And country seat near Bonsted down :
 From one he dates his foreign letters,
 Sends out his goods, and duns his debtors :
 In t'other, at his hours of leisure,
 He smoaks his pipe, and takes his pleasure.

And now your matrimonial Cupid,
 Lash'd on by time, grows tir'd and stupid.
 For story and experience tell us,
 That man grows cold, and woman jealous.
 Both would their little ends secure :
 He sighs for freedom, she for pow'r.

His wishes tend abroad to roam ;
And hers, to domineer at home.
Thus passion flags by slow degrees ;
And ruffled more, delighted less,
The busy mind does seldom go
To those once charming seats below:
But in the breast incamp'd, prepares
For well-bred feints, and future wars.
The man suspects his lady's crying
(When he last autumn lay a-dying)
Was but to gain him to appoint her
By codicil a larger jointure.
The woman finds it all a trick,
That he could swoon, when she was sick ;
And knows, that in that grief he reckon'd
On black-ey'd Susan for his second.

Thus having strove some tedious years
With feign'd desires, and real fears ;
And tir'd with answers and replies,
Of John affirms, and Martha lies ;
Leaving this endless altercation,
The mind affects a higher station.

Poltis, that gen'rous king of Thrace,
I think, was in this very case.
All Asia now was by the ears :
And gods beat up for voluntiers
To Greece and Troy ; while Poltis sat
In quiet, governing his state.
And whence, said the pacific king,
Does all this noise and discord spring ?

Why, Paris took Atrides' wife——
With ease I could compose this strife :
The injur'd hero should not lose,
Nor the young lover want a spouse :
But Helen chang'd her first condition,
Without her husband's just permission.
What from the dame can Paris hope?
She may as well from him elope.
Again, how can her old good-man
With honour take her back again?
From hence I logically gather
The woman cannot live with either.
Now I have two right honest wives,
For whose possession no man strives:
One to Atrides I will send ;
And t'other to my Trojan friend.
Each prince shall thus with honour have,
What both so warmly seem to crave:
The wrath of gods and man shall cease;
And Poltis live and die in peace.

Dick, if this story pleaseth thee,
Pray thank Dan Pope, who told it me.
Howe'er swift Alma's flight may vary,
(Take this by way of corollary :)
Some limbs she finds the very same,
In place, and dignity, and name :
These dwell at such convenient distance,
That each may give his friend assistance.
Thus he who runs or dances, begs
The equal vigour of two legs;

So much to both does Alma trust,
She ne'er regards, which goes the first.
Teague could make neither of them stay,
When with himself he ran away.
The man who struggles in the fight,
Fatigues left arm as well as right :
For whilst one hand exalts the blow,
And on the earth extends the foe ;
T'other would take it wond'rous ill,
If in your pocket he lay still.
And when you shoot, and shut one eye,
You cannot think, he would deny
To lend the t'other friendly aid,
Or wink, as coward, and afraid.
No, sir; whilst he withdraws his flame ;
His comrade takes the surer aim.
One moment of his beams recede ;
As soon as e'er the bird is dead,
Opening again, he lays his claim
To half the profit, half the fame ;
And helps to pocket up the game.
'Tis thus, one tradesman slips away,
To give his part'ner fairer play.

Some limbs again in bulk or stature
Unlike, and not a-kin by nature,
In concert act, like modern friends ;
Because one serves the t'other's ends.
The arm thus waits upon the heart,
So quick to take the bully's part ;

That one, though one, decides more slow
Than t'other executes the blow.

A slander-by may chance to have it,
Ere Hack himself perceives he gave it.

The am'rous eyes thus always go
A-strolling for their friends below :
For long before the 'squire and dame
Have *tête à tête* reliev'd their flame ;
Ere visits yet are brought about,
The eye by sympathy looks out :
Knows Florimel, and longs to meet her :
And, if he sees, is sure to greet her,
'Tho' at sash-window, on the stairs,
At court, nay (authors say) at pray'rs——

The funeral of some valiant knight
May give this thing its proper light.
View his two gantlets: these declare
That both his hands were us'd to war.
And from his two gilt spurs 'tis learn'd,
His feet were equally concern'd.
But have you not with thought beheld
The sword hang dangling o'er the shield?
Which shows the breast, that plate was us'd to,
Had an ally right arm to trust to:
And by the peep-holes in his crest,
Is it not virtually confess'd,
That there his eyes took distant aim,
And glanc'd respect to that bright dame,
In whose delight his hope was center'd,
And for whose glove his life he ventur'd?

Objections to my general system

May rise perhaps ; and I have mist them :

But I can call to my assistance

Proximity (mark that !) and distance :

Can prove, that all things, on occasion,

Love union, and desire adhesion ;

That Alma merely is a scale ;

And motives, like the weights prevail.

If neither side turn down or up,

With loss or gain, with fear or hope ;

The balance always would hang ev'n,

Like Mah'met's tomb, 'twixt earth and heav'n.

This, Richard, is a curious case :

Suppose your eyes set equal rays,

Upon two distant pots of ale,

Not knowing, which was mild or stale :

In this sad state your doubtful choice

Would never have the casting voice :

Which best or worst, you could not think ;

And die you must, for want of drink ;

Unless some chance inclines your sight,

Setting one pot in fairer light ;

Then you prefer or A, or B,

As lines and angles best agree :

Your sense resolv'd impells your will :

She guides your hand, — So drink your fill.

Have you not seen a baker's maid

Between two equal panniers sway'd ?

Her tallies useless lie, and idle,

If plac'd exactly in the middle :

But forc'd from this unactive state,
By virtue of some casual weight;
On either side ye hear 'em clatter,
And judge of right and left-hand matter.

Now, Richard, this coercive force,
Without your choice, must take its course,
Great kings to wars are pointed forth,
Like loaded needles to the North.
And thou and I, by pow'r unseen,
Are barely passive, and suck'd in
To Henault's vaults, or Celia's chamber,
As straw and paper are by amber.
If we sit down to play or set
(Suppose at Ombre or Bassè)
Let people call us cheats or fools;
Our cards and we are equal tools.
We sure in vain the cards condemn:
Ourselves both cut and shuffl'd them.
In vain on fortune's aid rely:
She only is a stander-by.
Poor men! poor papers! we and they
Do some impulsive force obey;
And are but play'd with——Do not play.
But space and matter we should blame;
They palm'd the trick that lost the game.
Thus to save further contradiction,
Against what you may think but fiction:
I for attraction, Dick, declare:
Deny it those bold men that dare.

As well your motion, as your thought
Is all by hidden impulse wrought:
Ev'n saying, that you think or walk,
How like a country 'Squire you talk?

Mark then; — where fancy or desire
Collects the beams of vital fire;
Into that limb fair Alma slides,
And there, *pro tempore*, resides.
She dwells in Nicholini's tongue,
When Pyhrrus chants the heav'nly song:
When Pedro does the lute command,
She guides the cunning artist's hand.
Thro' Macer's gullet she runs down,
When the vile glutton dines alone.
And void of modesty and thought,
She follows Bibo's endless draught.
Thro' the soft sex again she ranges;
As youth, caprice, or fashion changes.
Fair Alma careless and serene,
In Fanny's sprightly eyes is seen;
While they diffuse their infant beams,
Themselves not conscious of their flames.
Again fair Alma sits confest,
On Florimel's experter breast;
When she the rising sigh constrains,
And by concealing speaks her pains.
In Cynthia's neck fair Alma glows,
When the vain thing her jewels shows:
When Jenny's stays are newly lac'd,
Fair Alma plays about her waste;

And when the swelling hoop sustains
The rich brocard, fair Alma deigns
Into that lower space to enter,
Of the large round, herself the centre.

Again: that single limb or feature
(Such is the cogent force of nature)
Which most did Alma's passion move,
In the first object of her love,
Forever will be found confest,
And printed on the am'rous breast.

O Abelard, ill-fated youth,
Thy tale will justify this truth:
But well I weet, thy cruel wrong
Adorns a nobler poet's song.
Dan Pope for thy misfortune griev'd;
With kind concern, and skill has weav'd
A silken web; and ne'er shall fade
It's colours: gently has he laid
The mantle o'er thy sad distress:
And Venus shall the texture bless.
He o'er the weeping nun has drawn
Such artful folds of sacred lawn;
That love with equal grief and pride,
Shall see the crime, he strives to hide:
And softly drawing back the veil,
The god shall to his vot'ries tell
Each conscious tear, each blushing grace,
That deck'd dear Eloisa's face.
Happy the poet, blest the lays,
Which Buckingham has deign'd to praise.

Next Dick, as youth and habits sways,
A hundred gambols Alma plays.
If, whilst a boy, Jack ran from school,
Fond of his hunting-horn, and pole;
Tho' gout and age his speed detain,
Old John halloo's his hounds again:
By his fire-side he starts the hair;
And turns her in his wicker chair:
His feet, however lame, you find,
Have got the better of his mind.

If while the mind was in her leg,
The dance affected nimble Peg;
Old Madge, bewitch'd at sixty one,
Calls for Green Sleeves, and Jumping Joan.
In public mask, or private ball,
From Lincoln's-Inn, to Goldsmith's-Hall,
All Christmas long away she trudges;
Trips it with prentices and judges:
In vain her children urge her stay;
And age or palsy bar the way.
But if those images prevail,
Which whilom did affect the tail;
She still reviews the antient scene;
Forgets the forty years between:
Awkwardly gay, and odly merry,
Her scarf pale pink, her head-knot cherry;
O'er-heated with ideal rage,
She cheats her son, to wed her page.

If Alma, whilst the man was young,
Slip'd up too soon into his tongue:

Pleas'd with his own fantastic skill,
He lets that weapon ne'er lie still.
On any point if you dispute;
Depend upon it, he'll confute:
Change sides; and you increase your pain:
For he'll confute you back again.
For one may speak with Tully's tongue;
Yet all the while be in the wrong.
And 'tis remarkable, that they
Talk most, who have the least to say.
Your dainty speakers have the curse,
To plead bad causes down to worse:
As dames, who native beauty want,
Still uglier look, the more they paint.

Again: if in the female sex,
Alma should on this member fix;
(A cruel and a desp'rate case,
From which heav'n shield my lovely lass!)
For evermore all care is vain,
That would bring Alma down again.
As in habitual gout, or stone,
The only thing that can be done,
Is to correct your drink, and diet,
And keep the inward foe in quiet:
So, if for any sins of ours,
Or our forefathers, higher powers,
Severe tho' just, afflict our life
With that prime ill, a talking wife;
'Till death shall bring the kind relief:
We must be patient, or be deaf.

You know, a certain lady, Dick,
Who saw me when I last was sick :
She kindly talk'd, at least three hours,
Of plastic forms, and mental pow'rs :
Describ'd our pre-existing station,
Before this vile terrene creation :
And lest I should be weary'd, Madam,
To cut things short, came down to Adam ;
From whence, as fast as she was able,
She drowns the world, and builds up Babel :
Thro' Syria, Persia, Greece she goes ;
And takes the Romans in the close.

But we'll descant on gen'ral nature :
This is a system, not a satyr.
Turn we this glöbe ; and let us see,
How diff'rent nations disagree,
In what we wear, or eat and drink ;
Nay, Dick, perhaps in what we think.
In water as you smell and tast
The soils, thro' which it rose and past ;
In Alma's manners you may read
The place where she was born and bred.

One people from their swadling bands
Releas'd their infants feet and hands :
Here Alma to these limbs was brought ;
And Sparta's offspring kick'd and fought.

Another taught their babes to talk,
Ere they cou'd yet in goe-carts walk :
There Alma settl'd in the tongue ;
And orators from Athens sprung.

Observe but in these neighb'ring lands,
The diff'rent use of mouths and hands :
As men repos'd their various hopes,
In battles these, and those in tropes.

In Britain's isles, as Heylin notes,
The ladies trip in petticoats ;
Which, for the honour of their nation,
They quit but on some great occasion.
Men there in breeches clad you view :
They claim that garment, as their due.
In Turkey the reverse appears ;
Long coats the haughty husband wears :
And greets his wife with angry speeches ;
If she be seen without her breeches.

In our fantastic climes the fair
With cleanly powder dry their hair :
And round their lovely breast and head
Fresh flowers their mingl'd odours shed.
Your nicer Hottentotes think meet,
With guts and tripe to deck their feet :
With down-cast looks on Totta's legs,
The ogling youth most humbly begs,
She would not from his hopes remove
At once his breakfast, and his love :
And if the skittish nymph should fly ;
He in a double sense must die.

We simple Toasters take delight
To see our women's teeth look white,
And ev'ry saucy ill-bred fellow
Sneers at a mouth profoundly yellow.

In China none hold women sweet,
Except their snags are black as jett.
King Chihu put nine queens to death,
Convict on statute, Iv'ry teeth.

At Tonquin if a prince should die
(As Jesuits write, who never lye)
The wife, and counsellor, and priest,
Who serv'd him most, and lov'd him best;
Prepare, and light his fun'ral fire,
And chearful on the pile expire.

In Europe 'twould be hard to find
In each degree one half so kind.
Now turn we to the farthest east,
And there observe the gentry drest;
Prince Giolo, and his royal sisters,
Scar'd with ten thousand comely blisters;
The marks remaining on the skin,
To tell the quality within.

Distinguish'd slashes deck the great:
As each excells in birth, or state;
His oylet-holes are more, and ampler:
The king's own body was a samplar.
Happy the climate, where the beau
Wears the same suit for use, and show:
And at a small expence your wife,
If once well pink'd, is cloath'd for life.

Westward again the Indian fair
Is nicely smear'd with fat of bear:
Before you see, you smell your toast:
And sweetest she, who stinks the most.

The finest sparks, and cleanest beaux
Drip from the shoulders to the toes.
How sleek their skins! their joints how easy!
There slovens only are not greasy.

I mention'd diff'rent ways of breeding :
Begin we in our children's reading.
To Master John the English maid
A horn-book gives of ginger-bread :
And that the child may learn the better,
As he can name, he eats the letter :
Proceeding thus with vast delight,
He spells, and gnaws, from left to right.
But shew a Hebrew's hopeful son,
Where we suppose the book begun?
The child would thank you for your kindness,
And read quite backward from our Finis.
Devour he learning ne'er so fast,
Great A would be reserv'd the last.

An equal instance of this matter,
Is in the manners of a daughter.
In Europe, if a harmless maid,
By nature and by love betray'd,
Should e'er a wife become a nurse;
Her friends would look on her the worse.
In China, Dampier's travels tell ye :
(Look in the index for Pagelli :)
Soon as the British ships unmoore,
And jolly long-boats rows to shore ;
Down come the nobles of the land :
Each brings his daughter in his hand,

Beseeching the imperious tar
 To make her but one hour his care.
 The tender mother stands affrighted,
 Lest her dear daughter should be slighted:
 And poor Miss Yaya dreads the shame
 Of going back the maid she came.

Observe how custom, Dick, compells
 The lady that in Europe dwells:
 After her tea she slips away;
 And what to do, one need not say.
 Now see great Pomonque's queen
 Behav'd herself amongst the men:
 Pleas'd with her punch, the gallant soul
 First drank, then water'd in the bowl;
 And sprinkl'd in the Captain's face
 The marks of her peculiar grace——

To close this point, we need not roam
 For instances so far from home.
 What parts gay France from sober Spain?
 A little rising rocky chain.
 Of men born south or north o'th' hill,
 Those seldom move; these ne'er stand still.
 Dick, you love maps, and may perceive
 Rome not far distant from Geneve.
 If the good Pope remains at home,
 He's the first prince in Christendome.
 Choose then, good Pope, at home to stay;
 Nor westward curious take thy way.
 Thy way unhappy should'st thou take
 From Tiber's bank to Leman-lake;

Thou art an aged priest no more,
But a young flaring painted whore;
Thy sex is lost: thy town is gone,
No longer Rome, but Babylon.
That some few leagues should make this change,
To men unlearn'd seems mighty strange.

But need we, friend, insist on this?
Since in the very Cantons Swiss,
All your philosophers agree,
And prove it plain, that one may be
A heretic, or true believer.
On this, or t'other side a river.

Here with an artful smile, quoth Dick,
Your proofs come mighty full, and thick——

The bard on this extensive chapter,
Wound up into poetic rapture,
Continu'd: Richard, cast your eye
By night upon a winter-sky:
Cast it by day-light on the strand,
Which compasses fair Albion's land:
If you can count the stars that glow
Above, or sands that lie below;
Into these common places look,
Which from great authors I have took;
And count the proofs I have collected,
To have my writings well protected.
These I lay by for time of need;
And thou may'st at thy leisure read.
For standing every critic's rage,
I safely will to future age

My System, as a gift, bequeath,
Victorious over spight, and death.

THE THIRD CANTO.

RICHARD, who now was half a-sleep,
Rous'd; nor would longer silence keep:
And sense like this, in vocal breath
Broke from his twofold hedge of teeth.
Now if this phrase too harsh be thought;
Pope, tell the world, 'tis not my fault.
Old Homer taught us thus to speak;
If 'tis not sense, at least 'tis Greek.

As folks, quoth Richard, prone to lasing,
Say things at first, because they're pleasing;
Then prove what they have once asserted;
Nor care to have their lie deserted:
'Till their own dreams at length deceive 'em;
And oft repeating, they believe 'em:
Or as again those am'rous blades,
Who trifle with their mother's maids;
Tho' at the first their wild desire,
Was but to quench a present fire:
Yet if the object of their love
Chance by Lucina's aid to prove;
They seldom let the bantling roar
In basket, at a neighbour's door:
But by the flatt'ring glass of nature,
Viewing themselves in cake-bread's feature;

With serious thought and care support,
What only was begun in sport.

Just so with you, my friend, it fares,
Who deal in philosophic wares;
Atomes you cut; and forms you measure,
To gratifie your private pleasure;
'Till airy seeds of casual wit
Do some fantastic birth beget:
And pleas'd to find your system mended,
Beyond what you at first intended,
The happy whimsey you pursue;
'Till you at length believe it true.
Caught by your own delusive art,
You fancy first, and then assert.

Quoth Matthew: friend, as far as I
Thro' art or nature cast my eye:
This axiom clearly I discern,
That one must teach, and t'other learn.
No fool Pythagoras was thought:
Whilst he his weighty doctrines taught;
He made his list'ning scholars stand,
Their mouth still cover'd with their hand;
Else, may be, some odd-thinking youth,
Less friend to doctrine than to truth,
Might have refus'd to let his ears
Attend the music of the spheres;
Deny'd all transmigrating scenes,
And introduc'd the use of beans.
From great Lucretius take his void;
And all the world is quite destroy'd.

Deny Des-Cart his subtil matter;
You leave him neither fire, nor water.
How odly would sir Isaac look,
If you, in answer to his book,
Say in the front of your discourse,
That things have no elastic force?
How could our chymic friends go on,
To find the philosophic stone;
If you more pow'rful reasons bring,
To prove, that there is no such thing?

Your chiefs in sciences and arts,
Have great contempt of Alma's parts,
They find, she giddy is, or dull;
She doubts if things are void, or full:
And who should be presum'd to tell,
What she herself should see, or feel?
She doubts if two and two make four,
Tho' she has told them ten times o'er.
It can't——it may be——and it must:
To which of these must Alma trust?
Nay further yet they make her go,
In doubting, if she doubts, or no.
Can Syllogism set things right;
No: majors soon with minors fight:
Or, both infriendly consort join'd,
The consequence limps false behind.
So to some cunning-man she goes,
And asks of him, how much she knows.
With patience grave he hears her speak;
And from his short notes, gives her back

What from her tale he comprehended :
Thus the dispute is wisely ended :

From the account the loser brings,
The conj'rer knows, who stole the things.

'Squire (interrupted Dick) since when
Were you amongst these cunning-men ?

Dear Dick, quoth Mat, let not thy force
Of eloquence spoil my discourse.

I tell thee, this is Alma's case,
Still asking, what some wise man says,
Who does his mind in words reveal,
Which all must grant ; tho' few can spell.
You tell your doctor, that y'are ill :
And what does he, but write a bill,
Of which you need not read one letter ?
The worse the scrawl, the dose the better.
For if you knew but what you take ;
Tho' you recover, he must break.

Ideas, forms, and intellects
Have furnish'd out three different sects.
Substance, or accidents divides
All Europe into adverse sides.

Now, as engag'd in arms or laws,
You must have friends to back your cause :
In philosophic matters so
Your judgment must with others go.
For as in senates, so in schools,
Majority of voices rules.

Poor Alma, like a lonely deer,
O'er hills and dales does doubtful err :

With panting haste, and quick surprise,
From ev'ry leaf that stirs, she flies;
'Till mingl'd with the neighb'ring herd,
She flights what erst she singly fear'd,
And now, exempt from doubt and dread,
She dares pursue; if they dare lead:
As their example still prevails;
She tempts the stream, or leaps the pales.

He then, quoth Dick, who by your rule
Thinks for himself, becomes a fool.
As party-man, who leaves the rest,
Is call'd but whimsical at best.
Now, by your favour, master Mat,
Like Ralpho, here I smell a rat.
I must be list'd in your sect;
Who, tho' they teach not, can protect.
Right, Richard, Mat. in triumph cry'd:
So put off all mistrust and pride.
And while my principles I beg;
Pray answer only with your leg.
Believe what friendly I advise:
Be first secure; and then be wise.
The man within the coach that sits,
And to another's skill submits,
Is safer much (whate'er arrives)
And warmer too, than he that drives.
So, Dick Adept, tuck back thy hair;
And I will pour into thy ear
Remarks, which none did e'er disclose,
In smooth-pac'd verse, or hobling prose.

Attend, dear Dick ; but don't reply :
And thou may'st prove as wise as I.

When Alma now in diff'rent ages,
Has finish'd her ascending stages;
Into the head at length she gets,
And there in public grandeur sits,
To judge of things, and censure wits.

Here, Richard, how could I explain,
The various lab'rins of the brain ?
Surprise my readers, whilst I tell 'em
Of *Cerebrum*, and *Cerebellum* ?

How could I play the commentator
On *Dura*, and on *Pia Mater* ?

Where hot and cold, and dry and wet,
Strive each the t'other's place to get ;
And with incessant toil and strife,
Would keep possession during life.

I could demonstrate every pore,
Where mem'ry lays up all her store ;
And to an inch compute the station,
'Twixt judgment and imagination.

O friend ! I could display much learning,
At least to men of small discerning.

The brain contains ten thousand cells :
In each some active fancy dwells ;
Which always is at work, and framing
The several follies I was naming.

As in a hive's vimineous dome,
Ten thousand bees enjoy their home ;

Each does her studious action vary,
To go and come, to fetch and carry :
Each still renews her little labour ;
Nor jostles her assiduous neighbour :
Each——whilst this thesis I maintain ;
I fancy, Dick, I know thy brain.
O with the mighty theme affected,
Could I but see thy head dissected !

My head, quoth Dick, to serve your whim ?
Spare that, and take some other limb.
Sir, in your nice affairs of system,
Wise men propose ; but fools assist 'em.

Says Matthew : Richard, keep thy head,
And hold thy peace ; and I'll proceed.

Proceed ? quoth Dick : sir, I aver,
You have already gone too far.
When people once are in the wrong ;
Each line they add, is much too long.
Who fastest walks, but walks astray,
Is only furthest from his way.
Bless your conceits ! must I believe,
Howe'er absurd, what you conceive :
And, for your friendship, live and die
A papist in philosophy ?
I say, whatever you maintain
Of Alma in the heart or brain ;
The plainest man alive may tell ye,
Her seat of empire, is the belly :
From hence she sends out those supplies,
Which make us either stout or wise :

The strength of ev'ry other member,
Is founded on your belly timber :
The qualms or raptures of your blood
Rise in proportion to your food :
And if you would improve your thought :
You must be fed, as well as taught.
Your stomach makes your fabric roll ;
Just as the bias rules the bowl.
That great Achilles might employ
The strength, design'd to ruin Troy :
He din'd on lyon's marrow, spread
On toasts of ammunition-bread :
But by his mother sent away,
Amongst the Thracian girls to play,
Effeminate he sat, and quiet :
Strange product of a cheese-cake diet !
Now give my argument fair play ;
And take the thing the t'other way :
The youngster, who at nine and three
Drinks with his sisters milk and tea,
From break-fast reads 'till twelve a clock,
Burnet and Heylin, Hobbes and Locke ;
He pays due visits after noon
To cousin Alice, and uncle John :
At ten from coffee-house or play
Returning, finishes the day.
But give him Port, and potent sack ;
From Milk-sop he starts up Mohack :
Holds that the happy know no hours ;
So through the street at midnight scow'rs :

Breaks watch-men's heads, and chair-men's glasses;
And thence proceeds to nicking fashies:
'Till by some tougher hand o'ercome,
And first knock'd down, and then led home;
He damns the footman, strikes the maid,
And decently reels up to bed.
Observe the various operations
Of food, and drink in several nations.
Was ever Tartar fierce or cruel,
Upon the strength of water-gruel?
But who shall stand his rage and force;
If first he rides, then eats his horse?
Sallads, and eggs, and lighter fare
Tune the Italian spark's guitar.
And if I take Dan Congreve right;
Pudding and beef make Britons fight.
Tokay and coffee cause this work,
Between the German and the Turk:
And both, as they provisions want,
Chicane, avoid, retire, and faint.

Hunger and thirst, or guns and swords
Give the same death in diff'rent words.
To push this argument no further;
To starve a man, in law, is murder.
As in a watch's fine machine,
Tho' many artful springs are seen;
The added movements, which declare
How full the moon, how old the year,
Derive their secondary pow'r
From that, which simply points the hour.

For, tho' these gim-cracks were away.
(Quare would not swear; but Quare would say)
However more reduc'd and plain,
The watch would still a watch remain:
But if the horal orbit ceases;
The whole stands still, or breaks to pieces:
Is now no longer what it was;
And you may e'en go sell the case:
So if unprejudic'd you scan
The goings of this clock-work, man;
You find a hundred movements made
By fine devices in his head:
But 'tis the stomach's solid stroke,
That tells his being, what's a clock.
If you take off his rhet'ric-trigger;
He talks no more in mode and figure:
His mathematic-wheel;
His buildings fall; his ship stands still.
His lusty, break his politic-weight;
His voice no longer rules the state.
Yet if these finer whims were gone;
Your clock, tho' plain, would still go on.
But spoil the engine of digestion;
And you entirely change the question.
Alma's affairs no power can mend;
The jest alas! is at an end:
Soon ceases all this worldly bustle;
And you consign the corps to Ruffel.
Now make your Alma come or go
From leg to hand, from top to toe;

Your system, without my addition,
Is in a very sad condition.
So Harlequin extoll'd his horse,
Fit for the war, or road, or course;
His mouth was soft; his eye was good:
His foot was sure as ever trod:
One fault he had, a fault indeed;
And what was that? the horse was dead.

Dick, from these instances and fetches,
Thou mak'st of horses, clocks, and watches,
Quoth Mat, to me thou seem'st to mean,
That Alma is a mere machine:
That telling others what's a clock,
She knows not what herself has struck;
But leaves to standers-by the trial,
Of what is mark'd upon her dial.

Here hold a blow, good friend, quoth Dick,
And rais'd his voice exceeding quick:
Fight fair, sir: what I never meant
Don't you infer. In argument
Similies are like songs in love:
They much describe; they nothing prove.

Mat, who was here a little gravell'd;
Toft up his nose, and would have cavil'd:
But, calling Hermes to his aid,
Half pleas'd, half angry, thus he said:

Where mind ('tis for the author's fame)
That Matthew call'd, and Hermes came.
In danger heroes, and in doubt
Poets find gods to help them out.

Friend Richard, I begin to see,
That you and I shall scarce agree.
Observe how odly you behave:
The more I grant, the more you crave.
But, comrade, as I said just now,
I should affirm, and you allow.
We system-makers can sustain
The thesis, which you grant, was plain;
And with remarks and comments teaze ye;
In case the thing before was easy.
But in a point obscure and dark,
We fight as Leibnitz did with Clarke;
And when no reason we can show,
Why matters this or that way go,
The shortest way the thing we try,
And what we know not, we deny:
True to our own o'erbearing pride,
And false to all the world beside.

That old philosopher grew cross,
Who could not tell what motion was:
Because he walk'd against his will;
He fac'd men down, that he stood still.
And he who reading on the heart
(When all his *quodlibets* of art
Could not expound its pulse and heat)
Swore, he had never felt it beat.
Chrysippus, foil'd by Epicurus,
Makes bold (Jove bless him!) to assure us,
That all things which our mind can view,
May be at once both false, and true.

And Malebranche has an odd conceit,
As ever enter'd Frenchman's pate:
Says he, so little can our mind
Of matter, or of spirit find,
That we, by guess, at least, may gather
Something, which may be both, or neither.
Faith, Dick, I must confess, 'tis true
(But this is only *entre nous*)
That many knotty points there are,
Which all discuss, but few can clear.
As nature sily had thought fit,
For some by-ends, to cross-tite wit.
Circles to square, and cubes to double,
Would give a man excessive trouble:
The longitude uncertain roams,
In spite of Wh——n and his bombs.
What system, Dick, has right aver'd
The cause, why women has no beard;
Or why, as years, our frame attack,
Our hair grows white, our teeth grow black?
In points like these, we must agree,
Our barber knows as much as we.
Yet still unable to explain,
We must persist the best we can;
With care our systems still renew,
And prove things likely, tho' not true.

I could, thou see'st, in quaint dispute,
By dint of logic strike thee mute;
With learned skill, now push, now parry.
From Darii to Bocardo vary,

And never yield, or what is worst,
Never conclude the point discours'd.
Yet, that you *hic et nunc* may know,
How much you to my candor owe;
I'll from the disputant descend,
To show thee, I assume the friend:
I'll take thy notion for my own ——
(So most philosophers have done)
It makes my system more compleat:
Dick, can it have a nobler fate?
Take what thou wilt, said Dick, dear friend;
But bring thy matters to an end.

I find, quoth Mat, reproof is vain:
Who first offend will first complain.
Thou wishest, I should make to shoar;
Yet still put't in thy thwarting oar.
What I have told thee fifty times
In prose, receive for once in rhimes:
A huge fat man in country-fair,
Or city-church (no matter where)
Labour'd and push'd amidst the croud,
Still bauling out extremely loud;
Lord save us! why do people prefs!
Another marking his distress,
Friendly reply'd; plump gentleman,
Get out as fast as e'er you can:
Or cease to push, or to exclaim:
You make the very croud you blame.

Says Dick, your moral does not need
The least return; so e'en proceed:

Your tale, how e'er apply'd was short :
So far, at least, I thank you for't.

Mat. took his thanks, and in a tone
More magisterial, thus went on.

Now Alma settles in the head :
As has before been sung, or said :
And here begins this farce of life ;
Enter revenge, ambition, strife :
Behold on both sides men advance,
To form in earnest Bays's dance.
L' Avare not using half his store,
Still grumbles, that he has no more ;
Strikes not the present tun, for fear
The vintage should be bad next year :
And eats to-day with inward sorrow,
And dread of fancy'd want to-morrow.
Abroad if the Sur-tout you wear
Repells the rigor of the air ;
Would you be warmer, if at home
You had the fabric, and the loom ?
And if two boots keep out the weather ;
What need you have two hides of leather ?
Could Pedro, think you, make no trial
Of a Sonata on his viol,
Unless he had the total gut,
Whence every string at first was cut ?

When Rarus shows you his carton ;
He always tells you, with a groan,
Where two of that same hand were torn,
Long before you, or he was born.

Poor Vento's mind so much is crost,
For part of his Petronius lost;
That he can never take the pains
To understand what yet remains.

What toil did honest Curio take?
What strict inquiries did he make,
To get one medal wanting yet,
And perfect all his Roman sett?
'Tis found: and O his happy lot!
'Tis bought, lock'd up, and lies forgot:
Of these no more you hear him speak:
He now begins upon the Greek.
These rang'd and show'd, shall in their turns
Remain obscure, as in their urns.
My copper-lamps at any rate,
For being true antique, I bought;
Yet wisely melted down my plate,
On modern models to be wrought:
And trifles I alike pursue;
Because they're old, because they're new.

Dick, I have seen you with delight,
For Georgy make a paper-kite,
And simple odes too many show ye,
My servile Complaisance to Cloe.
Parents and lovers are decreed
By nature fools — That's brave indeed!
Quoth Dick: such truths are worth receiving:
Yet still Dick look'd as not believing.
Now, Alma, to divines and prose
I leave thy frauds, and crimes, and woes;

Nor think to-night of thy ill-nature,
But of thy follies, idle creature,
The turns of thy uncertain wing,
And not the malice of thy sting:
Thy pride of being great and wise,
I do but mention, to despise.
I view with anger and disdain,
How little gives thee joy or pain:
A print, a bronze, a flow'r, a root,
A shell, a butter-fly can do't.
Ev'n a romance, a tune, a rhyme
Help thee to pass the tedious time,
Which else would on thy hand remain:
Tho' flown it ne'er looks back again.
And cards are dealt, and chefs-boards brought,
To ease the pain of coward-thought.
Happy result of human wit!
That Alma may herself forget.

Dick, thus we act; and thus we are,
Or toss'd by hope, or sunk by care.
With endless pain this man pursues
What, if gain'd, he could not use:
And t'other fondly hopes to see
What never was, nor e'er shall be.
We err by use, go wrong by rules,
In gesture grave, in action fools:
We join hypocrisy to pride,
Doubling the faults, we strive to hide.
Or grant, that with extreme surprize,
We find ourselves at sixty wise;

And twenty pretty things are known,
Of which we can't accomplish one;
Whilst, as my system says, the mind
Is to these upper rooms confin'd:
Should I, my friend, at large repeat
Her borrow'd sense, her fond conceit;
The bede-roll of her vicious tricks;
My poem would be too prolix.
For could I my remark sustain,
Like Socrates, or Miles Montaigne;
Who in these times would read my books,
But Tom o' Stiles, or John o' Nokes?

As Brentford kings discreet and wise,
After long thought and grave advice,
Into Lardella's coffin peeping,
Saw nought to cause their mirth or weeping:
So Alma now to joy or grief
Superior, finds her late relief:
Weary'd of being high, or great,
And nodding in her chair of state;
Stunn'd and worn out with endless chat,
Of Will did this, and Nan said that;
She finds, poor thing, some little crack,
Which nature forc'd by time, must make;
Thro' which she wings her destin'd way:
Upward she soars; and down drops clay:
While some surviving friend supplies
Hic jacet, and a hundred lies.

O Richard, 'till that day appears,
Which must decide our hopes and fears,

Would Fortune calm her present rage,
And give us play-things for our age:
Would Clotho wash her hands in milk,
And twist our thread with gold and silk :
Would she in friendship, peace and plenty,
Spin out our years to four times twenty :
And should we both in this condition,
Have conquer'd love, and worse ambition ;
(Else those two passions by the way,
May chance to show us scurvy play :)
Then Richard, then should we sit down,
Far from the tumult of the town :
I fond of my well chosen seat,
My pictures, medals, books compleat :
Or should we mix our friendly talk,
O'er-shaded in that fav'rite walk ;
Which thy own hand had whilom planted,
Both pleas'd with all we thought we wanted :
Yet then, ev'n then one cross reflection
Would spoil thy grove, and my collection :
Thy son, and his, e'er that, may die ;
And time some uncouth heir supply ;
Who shall for nothing else be known,
But spoiling all, that thou hast done.
Who set the twigs, shall he remember,
That is in haste to sell the timber ?
And what shall of thy woods remain,
Except the box that threw the main ?

Nay may not time and death remove
The near relations whom I love ?

And my coz Tom, or his coz Mary
 (Who hold the plough, or skim the dairy)
 My fav'rite books and pictures sell
 To Smart, or Doiley by the ell?
 Kindly throw in a little figure,
 And set the price upon the bigger?
 Those who could never read the grammar,
 When my dear volumes touch the hammer,
 May think books best, as richest bound.
 My copper medals by the pound
 May be with learned justice weigh'd:
 To turn the balance, Otho's head
 May be thrown in; and for the mettle,
 The coin may mend a tinker's kettle——

Tir'd with these thoughts—Lefs tir'd than I,
 Quoth Dick with your philosophy——
 That people live and die, I knew
 An hour ago, as well as you.
 And if fate spins us longer years,
 Or is in haste to take the shears;
 I know, we must both fortunes try,
 And bear our evils wet, or dry.
 Yet let the goddess smile, or frown;
 Bread we shall eat, or white, or brown:
 And in a cottage, or a court,
 Drink fine Champagne, or muddl'd Port.
 What need of books these truths to tell,
 Which folks perceive, who cannot spell?
 And must we spectacles apply,
 To view what hurts our naked eye?

Sir, if it be your wisdom's aim,
To make me merrier than I am;
I'll be all night at your devotion——
Come on, friend; broach the pleasing notion;
But if you would depress my thought;
Your System is not worth a groat——

For Plato's fancies what care I?
I hope you would not have me die,
Like simple Cato in the play,
For any thing that he can say?
E'en let him of ideas speak
To Heathens in his native Greek.
If to be sad is to be wise;
I do most heartily despise
Whatever Socrates has said,
Or Tully writ, or Wanley read.

Dear Drift, to set our matters right,
Remove these papers from my sight;
Burn Mat's Des-Cart', and Aristotle:
Here, Jonathan, your master's bottle.

Si

T

SOLOMON

ON THE

VANITY

OF THE

WORLD.

A

POEM.

IN THREE BOOKS.

Ὁ βίος γὰρ ὄνομα ἔχει, πόνος δ' ἔργῳ πίλει.

Eurip.

*Siquis Deus mihi largiatur, ut ex hac aetate repuerescam,
et in cunis vagiam, valde recusem.* Cic. de Senect.

as the

The bewailing of man's miseries has been elegantly
and copiously set forth by many, in the writings as
well of philosophers, as divines. And it is both a
pleasant and a profitable contemplation.

Lord Bacon's advancement of Learning.

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T H E
P R E F A C E.

IT is hard for a man to speak of himself with any tolerable satisfaction or success: he can be no more pleased in blaming himself, than in reading a satyr made on him by another: and though he may justly desire, that a friend should praise him; yet if he makes his own panegyric, he will get very few to read it. It is harder for him to speak of his own writings. An author is in the condition of a culprit: the public are his judges: by allowing too much, and condescending too far, he may injure his own cause, and become a kind of *felo de se*; and by pleading and asserting too boldly, he may displease the court that sits upon him: his apology may only heighten his accusation. I would avoid these extremes: and though, I grant, it would not be very civil to trouble the reader with a long preface, before he enters upon an indifferent poem; I would say something to persuade him to take it as it is, or to excuse it for not being better.

The noble images and reflections the profound reasonings upon human actions, and excellent precepts for the government of life, which are found in the Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and other books commonly attributed to Solomon, afford subjects for finer poems in every kind, than have, I think, as yet appeared in the Greek,

Latin, or any modern language: how far they were verse in their original, is a dissertation not to be entered into at present.

Out of this great treasure, which lies heap'd up together in a confused magnificence, above all order, I had a mind to collect and digest such observations, and apophthegms, as most particularly tend to the proof of that great assertion, laid down in the beginning of the Ecclesiastes, ALL IS VANITY.

Upon the subject thus chosen, such various images present themselves to a writer's mind, that he must find it easier to judge, what should be rejected, than what ought to be received. The difficulty lies in drawing, and disposing; or (as the painters term it) in grouping such a multitude of different objects, preserving still the justice and conformity of style and colouring, the *simplex duntaxat et unum*, which Horace prescribes, as requisite to make the whole picture beautiful and perfect.

As precept, however true in theory, or useful in practice, would be but dry and tedious in verse, especially if the recital be long; I found it necessary to form some story, and give a kind of body to the poem. Under what species it may be comprehended, whether didascallic, or heroic, I leave to the judgment of the critics; desiring them to be favourable in their censure; and not solicitous what the poem is called, provided it may be accepted.

The chief personage or character in the epic, is always proportioned to the design of the work, to carry on the narration, and the moral. Homer intended to

shew us in his Iliad, that dissensions amongst great men obstruct the execution of the noblest enterprizes, and tend to the ruin of a state or kingdom. His Achilles therefore is haughty, and passionate, impatient of any restraint by laws, and arrogant in arms. In his Odyssey the same poet endeavours to explain, that the hardest difficulties may be overcome by labour, and our fortune restored after the severest afflictions. Ulysses therefore is valiant, virtuous and patient. Virgil's design was to tell us, how from a small colony established by the Trojans in Italy, the Roman empire rose, and from what ancient families Augustus (who was his prince and patron) descended. His hero therefore was to fight his way to the throne, still distinguished and protected by the favour of the gods. The poet to this end takes off from the vices of Achilles, and adds to the virtues of Ulysses; from both perfecting a character proper for his work in the person of Aeneas.

As Virgil copy'd after Homer, other epic poets have copied after them both. Tasso's *Gierusalemme Liberata* is directly Troy-town sacked; with this difference only, that the two chief characters in Homer, which the Latin poet had join'd in one, the Italian has separated in his Godfrey and Rinaldo: but he makes them both carry on his work with very great success. Ronfard's *Franciade*, (incomparably good so far as it goes) is again Virgil's Aeneis. His hero comes from a foreign country, settles a colony and lays the foundation of a future empire. I instance in these, as the greatest Italian and French poets in the epic. In our language Spencer has

not contented himself with this submissive manner of imitation: he launches out into very flowery paths, which still seem to conduct him into one great road. His *Fairy Queen* (had it been finished) must have ended in the account, which every knight was to give of his adventures, and in the accumulated praises of his heroine *Gloriana*. The whole would have been an heroic poem, but in another cast and figure, than any that ever had been written before. Yet it is observable that every hero (as far as we can judge by the books still remaining) bears his distinguished character, and represents some particular virtue conducive to the whole design.

To bring this to our present subject. The pleasures of life do not compensate the miseries: age steals upon us unawares; and death, as the only cure of our ills, ought to be expected, but not feared. This instruction is to be illustrated by the action of some great person. Who therefore more proper for the business, than *Solomon* himself? and why may he not be supposed now to repeat what, we take it for granted, he acted almost three thousand years since? if in the fair situation where this prince was placed, he was acquainted with sorrow; if endowed with the greatest perfections of nature, and possessed of all the advantages of external condition, he could not find happiness; the rest of mankind may safely take the monarch's word for the truth of what he asserts. And the author who would persuade, that we should bear the ills of life patiently, meerly because *Solomon* felt the same, has a better argument, than *Lucetius* had; when in his imperious way, he at once con-

vinces and commands, that we ought to submit to death without repining, because Epicurus died.

The whole poem is a soliloquy: Solomon is the person that speaks: he is at once the hero and the author; But he tells us very often what others say to him. Those chiefly introduced are his rabbies and philosophers in the first book, and his women and their attendants in the second: with these the sacred history mention him to have conversed; as likewise with the angel brought down in the third book, to help him out of his difficulties or at least to teach him how to overcome them.

Nec Deus interfit nisi dignus vindice nodus.

I presume this poetical liberty may be very justly allowed me on so solemn an occasion.

In my description I have endeavoured to keep to the notions and manners of the Jewish nation, at the time when Solomon lived; and where I allude to the customs of the Greeks, I believe I may be justified by the strictest chronology; though a poet is not obliged to the rules that confine an historian. Virgil has anticipated two hundred years; or the Trojan hero and Carthaginian Queen could not have been brought together: and without the same anachronism several of the finest parts of his *Aeneis* must have been omitted. Our countryman Milton goes yet further. He takes up many of his material images some thousands of years after the fall of man: nor could he otherwise have written, or we read one of the sublimest pieces of invention that was ever yet produced. This likewise takes off the objection, that some names of countries, terms of art, and no-

tions in natural philosophy are otherwise express'd, than can be warranted by the geography or astronomy of Solomon's time. Poets are allowed the same liberty in their descriptions and comparisons, as painters in their draperies and ornaments: their personages may be dress'd, not exactly in the same habits which they wore, but in such as make them appear most graceful. In this case probability must atone for the want of truth. This liberty has indeed been abused by eminent masters in either science. Raphael and Tasso have shewed their discretion, where Paul Veronese and Ariosto are to answer for their extravagancies. It is the excess, not the thing itself, that is blameable.

I would say one word of the measure, in which this, and most poems of the age are written. Heroic with continued rhyme, as Donne and his contemporaries used it, carrying the sense of one verse most commonly into another, was found too dissolute and wild, and came very often too near the prose. As Davenant and Waller corrected, and Dryden perfected it; it is too confined; it cuts off the sense at the end of every first line, which must always rhyme to the next following; and consequently produces too frequent an identity in the sound, and brings every couplet to the point of an epigram. It is indeed too broken and weak, to convey the sentiments and represent the images proper for epic. And as it tires the writer while he composes, it must do the same to the reader while he repeats; especially in a poem of any considerable length.

If striking out into blank verse, as Milton did (and

In this kind Mr. Philips, had he lived, would have excelled) or running the thought into alternate and stanza, which allows a greater variety, and still preserves the dignity of the verse; as Spenser and Fairfax have done; if either of these, I say, be a proper remedy for my poetical complaint, or if any other may be found, I dare not determine: I am only enquiring, in order to be better informed; without presuming to direct the judgment of others. And while I am speaking of the verse itself, I give all just praise to many of my friends now living; who have in Epic carried the harmony of their numbers as far, as the nature of this measure will permit. But once more; he that writes in rhimes, dances in fetters: and as his chain is more extended, he may certainly take larger steps.

I need make no apology for the short digressive panygyric upon Great Britain, in the first book: I am glad to have it observ'd, that there appears throughout all my verses a zeal for the honour of my country: and I had rather be thought a good English-man, than the best poet, or greatest scholar that ever wrote.

And now as to the publishing of this piece, though I have in a literal sense observed Horace's *nonum pre-matur in annum*; yet have I by no means obeyed our poetical lawgiver, according to the spirit of the precept. The poem has indeed been written and laid aside much longer than the term prescribed; but in the mean time I had little leisure, and less inclination to revise or print it. The frequent interruptions I have met with in my

private studies, and great variety of public life, in which I have been employed; my thoughts (such as they are) having generally been expressed in foreign language, and even formed by an habitude very different from what the beauty and elegance of English poetry requires: all these, and some other circumstances which we had as good pass by at present, do justly contribute to make my excuse in this behalf very plausible. Far indeed from designing to print I had locked up these papers in my scrittoire, there to lie in peace 'till my executors might have taken them out. What altered this design; or how my scrittoire came to be unlocked before my coffin was nailed; is the question. The true reason I take to be the best: many of my friends of the first quality, finest learning, and greatest understanding, have wrested the key from my hands by a very kind and irresistible violence: and the poem is published, not without my consent indeed, but a little against my opinion; and with an implicit submission to the partiality of their judgment. As I give up here the fruits of many of my vacant hours to their amusement and pleasure; I shall always think my self happy, if I may dedicate my most serious endeavours to their interest and service. And I am proud to finish this preface by saying, that the violence of many enemies, whom I never justly offended, is abundantly recompensed by the goodness of more friends, whom I can never sufficiently oblige. And if I here assume the liberty of mentioning my Lord Harley and Lord Bathurst as the authors of this amicable

confederacy, among all those, whose names do me great honour in the beginning of my book, in the folio edition: these two only ought to be angry with me; for I disobey their positive order, whilst I make even this small acknowledgment of their particular kindness.

M 2



KNOWLEDGE:

THE

FIRST BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

SOLOMON seeking happiness from knowledge, convenes the learned men of his kingdom; requires them to explain to him the various operations and effects of nature; discourses of vegetables, animals, and man; proposes some questions concerning the origin, and situation of the habitable earth; proceeds to examine the system of the visible heaven; doubts if there may not be a plurality of worlds; enquires into the nature of spirits and angels; and wishes to be more fully informed, as to the attributes of the supreme Being. He is imperfectly answered by the Rabbins, and doctors; blames his own curiosity; and concludes, that as to human science, ALL IS VANITY.

TEXTS chiefly alluded to in this
B O O K.

The words of the preacher, the son of David king of Jerusalem. Ecclesiastes, chap. I. verse 1.

Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, vanity of vanities, all is vanity. ver. 2.

I communed with mine own heart, saying, lo, I am come to great estate, and have gotten more wisdom, than all they that have been before me in Jerusalem: yea my heart had great experience of wisdom and knowledge. ver. 16.

He spake of trees, from the Cedar-tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall: he spake also of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes. I. Kings, chap. IV. ver. 33.

I know, that whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever: nothing can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it: and God doth it, that men should fear before him. Ecclesiastes, Chap. III. ver 14.

He hath made every thing beautiful in his time: also he hath set the world in their heart, so that no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end. ver 11.

For in much wisdom is much grief: and he that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow. Chap. I. ver. 18.

And further, by these, my son, be admonished: of making many books there is no end: and much study is a weariness of the flesh. Chap. XII. ver. 12.

KNOWLEDGE:

THE

FIRST BOOK.

YE sons of men, with just regard attend,
Observe the preacher, and believe the friend,
Whose serious muse inspires him to explain,
That all we act, and all we think, is vain.
That in this pilgrimage of seventy years,
O'er rocks of perils, and thro' vales of tears
Destin'd to march, our doubtful steps we tend,
Tir'd of the toil, yet fearful of its end.
That from the womb we take our fatal shares
Of follies, passions, labours, tumults, cares:
And at approach of death shall only know
The truths, which from these pensive numbers flow,
That we pursue false joy, and suffer real woe.

Happiness, object of that waking dream,
Which we call life, mistaking: fugitive theme
Of my pursuing verse, ideal shade,
Notional good, by fancy only made,
And by tradition nurs'd, fallacious fire,
Whose dancing beams misled our fond desire,
Cause of our care, and error of our mind:
Oh! hadst thou ever been by heav'n design'd

To Adam, and his mortal race, the boon
Entire had been reserv'd for Solomon :
On me the partial lot had been bestow'd ;
And in my cup the golden draught had flow'd.

But O! ere yet original man was made ;
Ere the foundations of this earth were laid ;
It was opponent to our search, ordain'd,
That joy, still sought, should never be attain'd.
This sad experience cites me to reveal ;
And what I dictate, is from what I feel.

Born as I was, great David's fav'rite son,
Dear to my people, on the Hebrew throne,
Sublime my court with Ophir's treasures blest,
My name extended to the farthest east,
My body cloth'd with ev'ry outward grace,
Strength in my limbs, and beauty in my face,
My shining thought with fruitful notions crown'd,
Quick my invention, and my judgment sound.
Arise (I commun'd with my self) arise ;
Think, to be happy; to be great, be wise:
Content of spirit must from science flow ;
For 'tis a godlike attribute, to know.

I said; and sent my edict thro' the land :
Around my throne the letter'd Rabbins stand,
Historic leaves revolve, long volumes spread,
The old discoursing, as the younger read :
Attent I heard, propos'd my doubts, and said :

The vegetable world, each plant and tree,
Its seed, its name, its nature, its degree

I am allow'd, as fame reports, to know,
From the fair cedar, on the craggy brow
Of Lebanon nodding supremely tall,
To creeping moss, and hyssop on the wall:
Yet just and conscious to myself, I find
A thousand doubts oppose the searching mind.

I know not why the beach delights the glade
With boughs extended, and a rounder shade;
Whilst tow'ring firs in conic forms arise,
And with a pointed spear divide the skies:
Nor why again the changing oak should shed
The yearly honour of his stately head;
Whilst the distinguish'd yew is ever seen,
Unchang'd his branch, and permanent his green.
Wanting the sun why does the caltha fade?
Why does the cypress flourish in the shade?
The fig and date, why love they to remain
In middle station, and an even plain;
While in the lower marsh the gourd is found;
And while the hill with olive-shade is crown'd?
Why does one climate, and one soil endue
The blushing poppy with a crimson hue;
Yet leave the lilly pale, and tinge the violet blue?
Why does the fond carnation love to shoot
A various colour from one parent root;
While the fantastic tulip strives to break
In two-fold beauty, and a parted streak?
The twining jasmine, and the blushing rose,
With lavish grace their morning scents disclose:

The smelling tub'rose and junquele declare,
 The stronger impulse of an evening air.
 Whence has the tree (resolve me) or the flow'r
 A various instinct, or a diff'rent pow'r? [breath
 Why should one earth, one clime, one stream, one
 Raise this to strength, and sicken that to death?

Whence does it happen, that the plant which well
 We name the sensitive should move and feel?
 Whence know her leaves to answer her command,
 And with quick horror fly the neighb'ring hand?

Along the sunny bank, or wat'ry mead,
 Ten thousand stalks their various blossoms spread:
 Peaceful and lowly in their native soil,
 They neither know to spin, nor care to toil;
 Yet with confess'd magnificence deride
 Our vile attire, and impotence of pride.
 The cowslip smiles, in brighter yellow dress'd,
 Than that which veils the nubile virgin's breast.
 A fairer red stands blushing in the rose,
 Than that which on the bridegroom's vestment flows.
 Take but the humblest lilly of the field;
 And if our pride will to our reason yield,
 It must by sure comparison be shown
 That on the regal seat great David's son,
 Array'd in all his robes, and types of pow'r,
 Shines with less glory, than that simple flow'r.

Of fishes next, my friends, I would enquire,
 How the mute race engender, or respire;
 From the small fry that glide on Jordan's stream
 Unmark'd, a multitude without a name,

To that leviathan, who o'er the seas
Immense rolls onward his impetuous ways,
And mocks the wind, and in the tempest plays.
How they in warlike bands march greatly forth
From freezing waters, and the colder north,
To southern climes directing their career,
Their station changing with th' inverted year.
How all with careful knowledge are indu'd,
To chuse their proper bed, and wave, and food:
To guard their spawn, and educate their brood.

Of birds, how each according to her kind
Proper materials for her nest can find;
And build a frame, which deepest thought in man
Would or amend, or imitate in vain.
How in small flights they know to try their young,
And teach the callow child her parent's song.
Why these frequent the plain, and those the wood,
Why ev'ry land has her specific brood.
Where the tall crane, or winding swallow goes,
Fearful of gathering winds, and falling snows:
If into rocks, or hollow trees they creep,
In temporary death confin'd to sleep;
Or conscious of the coming evil, fly
To milder regions, and a southern sky.

Of beasts and creeping insects shall we trace
The wond'rous nature, and the various race;
Or wild or tame, or friend to man or foe,
Of us what they, or what of them we know?

Tell me, ye studious, who pretend to see
Far into nature's bosom, whence the bee

Was first inform'd her vent'rous flight to steer
Thro' trackless paths, and an abyfs of air.
Whence ſhe avoids the ſlimy marſh, and knows
The fertile hills, where ſweeter herbage grows,
And honey-making flow'rs their opening buds dif-
close.

How from the thicken'd miſt, and ſetting ſun
Finds ſhe the labour of her day is done?
Who taught her againſt winds and rains to ſtrive,
To bring her burden to the certain hive,
And thro' the liquid fields again to paſs
Dutious, and hearkning to the ſounding braſs?

And, O thou ſluggard, tell me why the ant,
'Midſt ſummer's plenty thinks of winter's want:
By conſtant journies careful to prepare
Her ſtores; and bringing home the corney ear,
By what inſtruction does ſhe bite the grain,
Leſt hid in earth, and taking root again,
It might elude the foreſight of her care?
Diſtinct in either inſect's deed appear
The marks of thought, contrivance, hope and fear.

Fix thy corporeal, and internal eye
On the young gnat, or new-engender'd fly;
On the vile worm, that yeſterday began
To crawl; thy fellow-creatures, abjeſt man!
Like thee they breathe, they move, they taſte, they ſee,
They ſhow their paſſions by their aſts, like thee:
Darting their ſtings, they previously declare
Design'd revenge, and fierce intent of war:

Laying their eggs, they evidently prove
The genial pow'r, and full effect of love.
Each then has organs to digest his food,
One to beget, and one receive the brood:
Has limbs and sinews, blood, and heart, and brain,
Life and her proper functions to sustain,
Tho' the whole fabric smaller than a grain.
What more can our penurious reason grant
To the large whale, or castled elephant,
To those enormous terrors of the Nile,
The crested snake, and long-tail'd crocodile,
Than that all differ but in shape and name,
Each destin'd to a less or larger frame?

For potent nature loves a various act,
Prone to enlarge, or studious to contract:
Now forms her work too small, now too immense,
And scorns the measures of our feeble sense.
The object spread too far, or rais'd too high,
Denies its real image to the eye:
Too little, it eludes the dazzl'd sight;
Becomes mix'd blackness, or unparted light.
Water and air the varied form confound;
The straight looks crooked, and the square grows round.

Thus while with fruitless hope, and wearied pain,
We seek great nature's pow'r, but seek in vain;
Safe sits the goddess in her dark retreat;
Around her, myriads of ideas wait.
And endless shapes, which the mysterious queen
Can take or quit, can alter or retain:

As from our lost pursuit she wills to hide
Her close decrees, and chasten human pride.

Untam'd and fierce the tiger still remains:
He tires his life in biting on his chains:
For the kind gifts of water, and of food,
Ungrateful, and returning ill for good,
He seeks his keeper's flesh, and thirsts his blood:
While the strong camel, and the gen'rous horse,
Restrain'd and aw'd by man's inferior force,
Do to the rider's will their rage submit,
And answer to the spur, and own the bit;
Stretch their glad mouths to meet the feeder's hand,
Pleas'd with his weight, and proud of his command.

Again: the lonely fox roams far abroad,
On secret rapine bent, and midnight fraud;
Now haunts the cliff, now traverses the lawn;
And flies the hated neighbourhood of man:
While the kind spaniel, and the faithful hound,
Likest that fox in shape and species found,
Refuses thro' these cliffs and lawns to roam;
Pursues the noted path, and covets home;
Does with kind joy domestic faces meet;
Takes what the glutton child denies to eat;
And dying licks his long lov'd master's feet.

By what immediate cause they are inclin'd,
In many acts, 'tis hard, I own, to find.
I see in others, or I think I see,
That strict their principles, and ours agree.
Evil, like us, they shun, and covet good;
Abhor the poison, and receive the food.

Like us they love or hate: like us they know
To joy the friend, or grapple with the foe.
With seeming thought their action they intend,
And use the means proportion'd to the end.
Then vainly the philosopher avers,
That reason guides our deed, and instinct theirs.
How can we justly diff'rent causes frame,
When the effects entirely are the same?
Instinct and reason how can we divide?
'Tis the fool's ignorance, and the pedant's pride.

With the same folly sure, man vaunts his sway;
If the brute beast refuses to obey.
For tell me, when the empty boaster's word
Proclaims himself the universal lord;
Does he not tremble, lest the lion's paw
Should join his plea against the fancy'd law?
Would not the learned coward leave the chair;
If in the schools or porches should appear
The fierce hyaena, or the foaming bear?

The combatant too late the field declines;
When now the sword is girded to his loins.
When the swift vessel flies before the wind;
Too late the sailor views the land behind.
And 'tis too late now back again to bring
Enquiry, rais'd and tow'ring on the wing:
Forward she strives, averse to be withheld
From nobler objects, and a larger field.

Consider with me this ethereal space,
Yielding to earth and sea the middle place.

Anxious I ask ye how the penfile ball
Should never strive to rise, nor fear to fall.
When I reflect, how the revolving sun
Does round our globe his crooked journies run;
I doubt of many lands, if they contain
Or herd of beast, or colony of man:
If any nations pass their destin'd days
Beneath the neighb'ring sun's directer rays:
If any suffer on the polar coast,
The rage of Arctos, and eternal frost.

May not the pleasure of omnipotence
To each of these some secret good dispense?
Those who amidst the torrid regions live,
May they not gales unknown to us receive;
See daily show'rs rejoice the thirsty earth,
And bless the flow'ry buds succeeding birth?
May they not pity us, condemn'd to bear
The various heav'n of an obliquer sphere;
While by fix'd laws, and with a just return,
They feel twelve hours that shade, for twelve that burn,
And praise the neighb'ring sun, whose constant flame
Enlightens them with seasons still the same!
And may not those, whose distant lot is cast
North beyond Tartary's extended waste;
Where thro' the plains of one continual day,
Six shining months pursue their even way;
And six succeeding urge their dusky flight,
Obscur'd with vapours and o'erwhelm'd in night:
May not, I ask, the natives of these climes
(As annals may inform succeeding times)

To our quotidian change of heav'n prefer
Their one vicissitude, and equal share
Of day and night, disparted thro' the year?
May they not scorn our sun's repeated race,
To narrow bounds prescrib'd, and little space,
Hast'ning from morn, and headlong driv'n from noon,
Half of our daily toil yet scarcely done?
May they not justly to our climes upbraid
Shortness of night, and penury of shade:
That e'er our wearied limbs are justly blest
With wholesome sleep, and necessary rest;
Another sun demands return of care,
The remnant toil of yesterday to bear?
Whilst, when the solar beams salute their sight,
Bold and secure in half a year of light,
Uninterrupted voyages they take
To the remotest wood, and farthest lake;
Manage the fishing, and pursue the course
With more extended nerves, and more continu'd force.
And when declining day forsakes the sky;
When gath'ring clouds speak gloomy winter nigh;
With plenty for the coming season blest,
Six solid months (an age) they live, releas'd
From all the labour, process, clamour, woe,
Which our sad scenes of daily action know:
They light the shining lamp, prepare the feast,
And with full mirth receive the welcome guest:
Or tell their tender loves (the only care
Which now they suffer) to the list'ning fair;

And rais'd in pleasure, or repos'd in ease
(Grateful alternates of substantial peace)
They bless the long nocturnal influence shed
On the crown'd goblet, and the genial bed.

In foreign isles which our discov'ers find,
Far from this length of continent disjoin'd,
The rugged bears, or spotted lynx's brood,
Frighten the vallies, and infest the wood:
The hungry crocodile, and hissing snake
Lurk in the troubl'd stream and fenny brake:
And man untaught, and rav'nous as the beast,
Does valley, wood, and brake, and stream infest.
Deriv'd these men and animals their birth
From trunk of oak, or pregnant womb of earth?
Whence then the old belief that all began
In Eden's shade, and one created man?
Or grant, this progeny was wasted o'er
By coasting boats from next adjacent shore:
Would those, from whom we will suppose they spring,
Slaughter to harmless lands, and poison bring?
Would they on board or bears, or lynxes take,
Feed the she-adder, and the brooding snake?
Or could they think the new discover'd isle
Pleas'd to receive a pregnant crocodile?

And since the savage lineage we must trace
From Noah sav'd, and his distinguish'd race;
How should their fathers happen to forget
The arts which Noah taught, the rules he set,
To sow the glebe, to plant the gen'rous vine,
And load with grateful flames the holy shrine?

While the great fire's unhappy sons are found,
Unpress'd their vintage, and untill'd their ground,
Straggling o'er dale and hill in quest of food,
And rude of arts, of virtue, and of God.

How shall we next o'er earth and seas pursue
The vary'd forms of ev'ry thing we view ;
That all is chang'd, tho' all is still the same,
Fluid the parts, yet durable the frame ?
Of those materials, which have been confess'd
The pristine springs, and parents of the rest,
Each becomes other. Water stop'd gives birth
To grass and plants, and thickens into earth:
Diffus'd it rises in a higher sphere ;
Dilates its drops, and softens into air :
Those finer parts of air again aspire :
Move into warmth, and brighten into fire :
That fire once more by thicker air o'ercome,
And downward forc'd, in earth's capacious womb
Alters its particles; is fire no more ;
But lies resplendent dust, and shining oar ;
Or running thro' the mighty mother's veins,
Changes its shape ; puts off its old remains ;
With wat'ry parts it's lessen'd force divides ;
Flows into waves, and rises into tides.

Disparted streams shall from their channels fly,
And deep furcharg'd by sandy mountains lie,
Obscurely sepulcher'd. By eating rain,
And furious wind, down to the distant plain
The hill, that hides its head above the skies,
Shall fall: the plain by slow degrees shall rise

Higher than erst had stood the summit-hill:
For time must nature's great behests fulfill.

Thus by a length of years, and change of fate,
All things are light or heavy, small or great:
Thus Jordan's waves shall future clouds appear;
And Egypt's pyramids refine to air.
Thus later age shall ask for Pison's flood:
And travellers enquire, where Babel stood.

Now where we see these changes often fall,
Sedate we pass them by, as natural:
Where to our eye more rarely they appear,
The pompous name of prodigy they bear:
Let active thought these close maeanders trace:
Let human wit their dubious bound'ries place.
Are all things miracle; or nothing such?
And prove we not too little, or too much?

For that a branch cut off, a wither'd rod
Should at a word pronounc'd revive and bud;
Is this more strange, than that the mountain's brow,
Strip'd by December's frost, and white with snow,
Should push, in spring, ten thousand thousand buds;
And boast returning leaves, and blooming woods?
That each successive night from opening heav'n
The food of angels should to man be giv'n;
Is this more strange, than that with common bread
Our fainting bodies every day are fed;
Than that each grain and seed consum'd in earth,
Raises its store, and multiplies its birth;
And from the handful which the tiller sows,
The labour'd fields rejoice, and future harvest flows?

Then from whate'er we can to sense produce
Common and plain, or wond'rous and abstruse,
From nature's constant or eccentric laws,
The thoughtful soul this general influence draws,
That an effect must presuppose a cause.
And while she does her upward flight sustain,
Touching each link of the continu'd chain,
At length she is oblig'd and forc'd to see
A first, a source, a life, a Deity;
What has for ever been, and must for ever be.

This great existence thus by reason found,
Blest by all pow'r, with all perfection crown'd:
How can we bind or limit his decree,
By what our ear has heard, or eye may see?
Say then: is all in heaps of water lost,
Beyond the islands, and the mid-land coast?
Or has that God, who gave our world its birth,
Sever'd those waters by some other earth,
Countries by future plow-shares to be torn,
And cities rais'd by nations yet unborn!
Ere the progressive course of restless age
Performs three thousand times its annual stage;
May not our power and learning be suppress'd;
And arts and empire learn to travel west?

Where, by the strength of this idea charm'd.
Lighten'd with glory, and with rapture warm'd,
Ascends my soul? what sees she white and great
Amidst subjected seas? an isle the seat
Of pow'r and plenty; her imperial throne,
For justice and for mercy sought and known;

Virtues sublime, great attributes of Heav'n,
 From thence to this distinguish'd nation giv'n:
 Yet farther west the western isle extends,
 Her happy fame; her arm'd fleet she sends
 To climates folded yet from human eye;
 And lands, which we imagine wave and sky.
 From pole to pole she hears her acts resound,
 And rules an empire by no ocean bound;
 Knows her ships anchor'd, and her sails unfurl'd
 In other Indies, and a second world.

Long shall Britannia, (that must be her name)
 Be first in conquest, and preside in fame:
 Long shall her favour'd monarchy engage
 The teeth of envy, and the force of age:
 Rever'd and happy she shall long remain,
 Of human things least changeable, least vain.
 Yet all must with the gen'ral doom comply;
 And this great glorious pow'r, tho' last, must die.

Now let us leave this earth, and lift our eye
 To the large convex of yon' azure sky:
 Behold it like an ample curtain spread,
 Now streak'd, and glowing with the morning red;
 Anon at noon in flaming yellow bright,
 And chusing sable for the peaceful night.
 Ask reason now, whence light and shade were giv'n,
 And whence this great variety of heav'n:
 Reason our guide, what can she more reply,
 Than that the sun illuminates the sky;
 Than that night rises from his absent ray,
 And his returning lustre kindles day?

But we expect the morning red in vain :
'Tis hid in vapours, or obscur'd by rain.
The noon-tyde yellow we in vain require :
'Tis black in storm, or red in light'ning fire.
Pitchy and dark the night sometimes appears,
Friend to our woe, and parent of our fears:
Our joy and wonder some times she excites,
With stars unnumber'd, and eternal lights.
Send forth, ye wise, send forth your lab'ring thought:
Let it return with empty notions fraught,
Of airy columns every moment broke,
Of circling whirlpools, and of spheres of smoke :
Yet this solution but once more affords
New change of terms, and scaffolding of words:
In other garb my question I receive ;
And take the doubt the very same I gave.
Lo! as a giant strong the lusty sun
Multiply'd rounds in one great round does run,
Twofold his course, yet constant his career,
Changing the day, and finishing the year.
Again when his descending orb retires,
And earth perceives the absence of his fires;
The moon affords us her alternate ray,
And with kind beams distributes fainter day :
Yet keeps the stages of her monthly race,
Various her beams, and changeable her face.
Each planet shining in his proper sphere,
Does with just speed his radiant voyage steer:
Each sees his lamp with diff'rent lustre crown'd:
Each knows his course with diff'rent periods bound :

And in his passage thro' the liquid space,
 Nor hastens, nor retards his neighbour's race.
 Now shine these planets with substantial rays?
 Does innate lustre gild their measur'd days?
 Or do they (as your schemes, I think, have shown)
 Dart furtive beams, and glory not their own,
 All servants to that source of light, the sun?

Again I see ten thousand thousand stars,
 Nor cast in lines, in circles, nor in squares:
 (Poor rules, with which our bounded mind is fill'd,
 When we would plant, or cultivate, or build)
 But shining with such vast, such various light,
 As speaks the hand, that form'd them, infinite:
 How mean the order and perfection sought
 In the best product of the human thought,
 Compar'd to the great harmony that reigns
 In what the spirit of the world ordains!

Now if the sun to earth transmits his ray,
 Yet does not scorch us with too fierce a day;
 How small a portion of his pow'r is giv'n
 To orbs more distant, and remoter heav'n?
 And of those stars, which our imperfect eye
 Has doom'd, and fix'd to one eternal sky,
 Each by a native stock of honour great,
 May dart strong influence, and diffuse kind heat,
 Itself a sun; and with transmissive light
 Enliven worlds deny'd to human sight:
 Around the circles of their ambient skies
 New moons may grow or wane, may set or rise;

And other stars may to those suns be earths;
 Give their own elements their proper births;
 Divide their climes, or elevate their pole;
 See their lands flourish, and their oceans roll;
 Yet these great orbs thus radically bright,
 Primitive founts, and origins of light,
 May each to other (as their diff'rent sphere
 Makes or their distance, or their height appear)
 Be seen a nobler, or inferior star;
 And in that space, which we call air and sky,
 Myriads of earths, and moons, and suns may lie
 Unmeasur'd, and unknown by human eye.

In vain we measure this amazing sphere,
 And find and fix its center here or there;
 While its circumf'rence scorning to be brought
 Ev'n into fancy'd space, illudes our vanquish'd thought.

Where then are all the radiant monsters driv'n,
 With which your guesses fill'd the frighten'd heav'n?
 Where will their fictitious images remain?
 In paper schemes, and the Chaldean's brain.

This problem yet, this offspring of a guess,
 Let us for once a child of truth confess;
 That these fair stars, these objects of delight
 And terror, to our searching dazl'd sight,
 Are worlds immense, unnumber'd, infinite:
 But do these worlds display their beams, or guide
 Their orbs, to serve thy use, to please thy pride?
 Thyself but dust; thy stature but a span,
 A moment thy duration; foolish man;

As well may the minutest emmet say,
 That Caucasus was rais'd to pave his way :
 The snail, that Lebanon's extended wood
 Was destin'd only for his walk and food ;
 The vilest cockle, gaping on the coast
 That rounds the ample seas, as well may boast,
 The craggy rocks projects above the sky,
 That he in safety at its foot may lie ;
 And the whole ocean's confluent waters swell,
 Only to quench his thirst, or move and blanch his shell.

A higher flight the vent'rous goddess tries,
 Leaving material worlds, and local skies :
 Enquires, what are the beings, where the space,
 That form'd and held the angels ancient race.
 For rebel Lucifer with Michael fought
 (I offer only what tradition taught,)
 (Embattl'd cherub against cherub rose ;
 Did shield to shield, and pow'r to pow'r oppose :
 Heav'n rung with triumph : hell was fill'd with woes. }
 What were these forms of which your volumes tell,
 How some fought great, and others recreant fell :
 These bound to bear an everlasting load,
 Durance of chain, and banishment of God ;
 By fatal turns their wretched strength to tire ;
 To swim in sulph'rous lakes, or land on solid fire :
 Whilst those exalted to primæval light,
 Excess of blessing, and supreme delight,
 Only perceive some little pause of joys
 In those great moments, when their God employs

Their ministry, to pour his threaten'd hate
 On the proud king, or the rebellious state:
 Or to reverse Jehovah's high command,
 And speak the thunder falling from his hand,
 When to his duty the proud king returns,
 And the rebellious state in ashes mourns.
 How can good angels be in heav'n confin'd;
 Or view that presence, which no space can bind?
 Is God above, beneath, or yon', or here?
 He who made all, is he not ev'ry where?
 Oh how can wicked angels find a night
 So dark, to hide 'em from that piercing light,
 Which form'd the eye, and gave the pow'r of sight?

What mean I now of angel, when I hear
 Firm body, spirit pure, or fluid air?
 Spirits to action spiritual confin'd,
 Friends to our thought, and kindred to our mind,
 Should only act and prompt us from within,
 Nor by external eye be ever seen.
 Was it not therefore to our fathers known,
 That these had appetite, and limb, and bone?
 Else how could Abram wash their weary'd feet;
 Or Sarah please their taste with fav'ry meat?
 Whence should they fear? or why did Lot engage
 To save their bodies from abusive rage?
 And how could Jacob, in a real fight,
 Feel or resist the wrestling angel's might?
 How could a form its strength with matter try?
 Or how a spirit touch a mortal's thigh?

Now are they air condens'd, or gather'd rays?
How guide they then our pray'r, or keep our ways,
By stronger blasts still subject to be tost,
By tempest scatter'd, and in whirlwinds lost?

Have they again (as sacred song proclaims)
Substances real, and existing frames?
How comes it, since with them we jointly share
The great effect of one Creator's care;
That whilst our bodies sicken, and decay,
Their's are for ever healthy, young, and gay?
Why, whilst we struggle in this vale beneath,
With want and sorrow, with disease and death,
Do they more bless'd perpetual life employ
On songs of pleasure, and in scenes of joy?

Now when my mind has all this world survey'd,
And found, that nothing by itself was made;
When thought has rais'd itself by just degrees,
From vallies crown'd with flow'rs, and hills with trees;
From smoaking min'rals, and from rising streams;
From fatt'ning Nilus, or victorious Thames;
From all the living, that four-footed move
Along the shoar, the meadow, or the grove;
From all that can with fins, or feathers fly
Thro' the aerial, or the wat'ry sky;
From the poor reptile with a reas'ning soul,
That miserable master of the whole;
From this great object of the body's eye,
This fair half round, this ample azure sky,
Terribly large, and wonderfully bright
With stars unnumber'd, and unmeasur'd light ;

From essences unseen, celestial names,
Enlight'ning spirits, and ministerial flames,
Angels, dominions, potentates, and thrones,
All that in each degree the name of creature owns :
Lift we our reason to that Sov'reign Cause, [laws;
Who blest the whole with life, and bounded it with
Who forth from nothing call'd this comely frame,
His will and act, his word and work the same;
To whom a thousand years are but a day;
Who bad the light her genial beams display;
And set the moon, and taught the sun his way :
Who waking time, his creature, from the source
Primaeval, order'd his predestin'd course :
Himself, as in the hollow of his hand,
Holding, obedient to his high command,
The deep abyss, the long continu'd store, [pour
Where months, and days, and hours, and minutes
Their floating parts, and thenceforth are no more. }
This Alpha and Omega, first and last,
Who like the potter in a mould has cast
The world's great frame, commanding it to be
Such as the eyes of sense and reason see ;
Yet if he wills, may change or spoil the whole :
May take yon' beauteous, mystic, starry roll, }
And burn it, like a useless parchment scroll :
May from its basis in one moment pour
This melted earth ——
Like liquid metal, and like burning oar :
Who sole in pow'r, at the beginning said ;
Let sea, and air, and earth, and heav'n be made :

And it was so——And when he shall ordain
 In other sort, has but to speak again,
 And they shall be no more: of this great theme,
 This glorious, hallow'd, everlasting name,
 This god, I would discourse——

The learn'd elders sat appal'd, amaz'd;
 And each with mutual look on other gaz'd.
 Nor speech they meditate, nor answer frame:
 Too plain, alas! their silence spake their shame:
 'Till one, in whom an outward mien appear'd,
 And turn superior to the vulgar herd,
 Began; that human learning's furthest reach
 Was but to note the doctrines I could teach;
 That mine to speak, and theirs was to obey:
 For I in knowledge more, than pow'r did sway:
 And the astonish'd world in me beheld
 Moses eclips'd, and Jesse's son excell'd.
 Humble a second bow'd, and took the word;
 Foresaw my name by future age ador'd.
 O live, said he, thou wisest of the wise!
 As none has equall'd, none shall ever rise
 Excelling thee——

Parent of wicked, bane of honest deeds,
 Pernicious flatt'ry! thy malignant seeds
 In an ill hour, and by a fatal hand
 Sadly diffus'd o'er virtue's gleby land
 With rising pride amidst the corn appear,
 And choak the hopes and harvest of the year.
 And now the whole perplex'd ignoble crowd
 Mute to my questions, in my praises loud,

Echo'd the word: whence things arose, or how
They thus exist, the aptest nothing know:
What yet is not, but is ordain'd to be,
All veil of doubt apart, the dullest see.

My prophets, and my sophists finish'd here
Their civil efforts of the verbal war:
Not so my Rabbins, and logicians yeild;
Retiring still they combat: from the field
Of open arms unwilling they depart,
And sculk behind the subterfuge of art.
To speak one thing mix'd dialects thy join;
Divide the simple, and the plain define;
Fix fancy'd laws, and form imagin'd rules,
Terms of their art, and jargon of their schools,
Ill-grounded maxims by false gloss enlarg'd,
And captious science against reason charg'd.

Soon their crude notions with each other fought;
The adverse sect deny'd, what this had taught;
And he at length the amplest triumph gain'd,
Who contradicted what the last maintain'd.

O wretched impotence of human mind!
We erring still excuse for error find;
And darkling grope, not knowing we are blind.

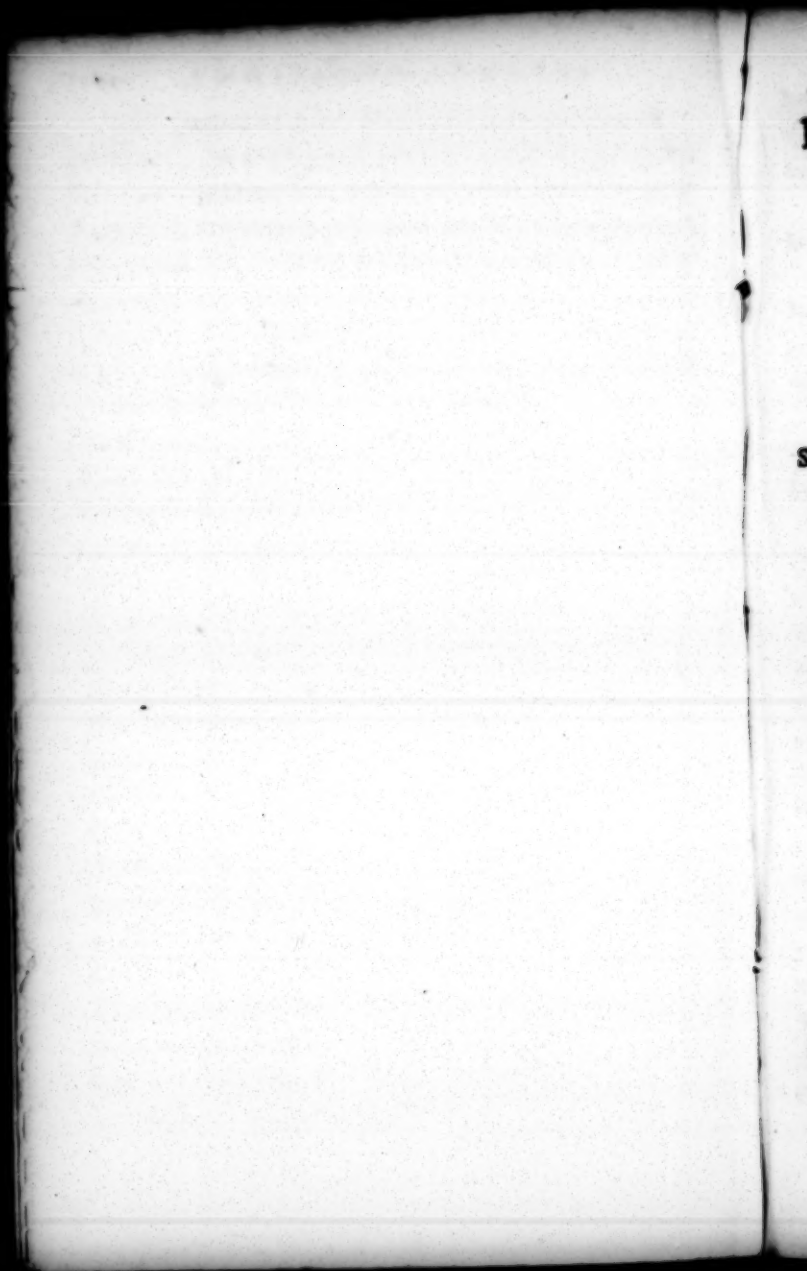
Vain man! since first the blushing fire essay'd
His folly with connected leaves to shade;
How does the crime of thy resembling race
With like attempt that pristine error trace?
Too plain thy nakedness of soul espy'd,
Why dost thou strive the conscious shame to hide
By marks of eloquence, and veils of pride?

With outward smiles their flatt'ry I receiv'd;
 Own'd my sick mind by their discourse reliev'd;
 But bent and inward to myself again
 Perplex'd, these matters I revolv'd; in vain.
 My search still tir'd, my labour still renew'd,
 At length I ignorance, and knowledge view'd,
 Impartial; both in equal ballance laid;
 Light flew the knowing scale; the doubtful heavy weigh'd.

Forc'd by reflective reason, I confess,
 That human science is uncertain guess.
 Alas! We grasp at clouds, and beat the air,
 Vexing that spirit we intend to clear.
 Can thought beyond the bounds of matter climb?
 Or who shall tell me, what is space or time?
 In vain we lift up our presumptuous eyes
 To what our maker to their ken denies:
 The searchers follow fast; the object faster flies.
 The little which imperfectly we find,
 Seduces only the bewilder'd mind
 To fruitless search of something yet behind.
 Various discussions tear our heated brain:
 Opinions often turn; still doubts remain;
 And who indulges thought, increases pain.

How narrow limits were to wisdom giv'n?
 Earth she surveys; she thence would measure heav'n:
 Thro' mists obscure, now wings her tedious way;
 Now wanders dazl'd with too bright a day;
 And from the summit of a pathless coast
 Sees infinite, and in that sight is lost.

Remember, that the curs'd desire to know,
Off-spring of Adam, was thy source of woe.
Why wilt thou then renew the vain pursuit,
And rashly catch at the forbidden fruit?
With empty labour and eluded strife
Seeking, by knowledge, to attain to life;
For ever from that fatal tree debarr'd,
Which flaming swords and angry cherubs guard.



P L E A S U R E:

T H E

SECOND BOOK.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

SOLOMON again seeking happiness, enquires if wealth and greatness can produce it; begins with the magnificence of gardens and buildings, the luxury of music and feasting, and proceeds to the hopes and desires of love. In two episodes are shewn the follies and troubles of that passion. Solomon still disappointed, falls under the temptations of libertinism and idolatry; recovers his thought, reasons aright, and concludes, that as to the pursuit of pleasure, and sensual delight, ALL IS VANITY AND VEXATION OF SPIRIT.

TEXTS chiefly alluded to in this

B O O K.

I said in mine heart, go to now, I will prove thee with mirth; therefore enjoy pleasure, Ecclesiastes, Chap. II. ver. 1.

TEXTS chiefly alluded to in this BOOK.

I made me great works, I builded me houses, I planted me vineyards. ver. 4.

I made me gardens, and orchards; and I planted trees in them of all kind of fruits. ver. 5.

I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees. ver. 6.

Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do: and behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit; and there was no profit under the sun.

I gat me men-singers, and women-singers, and the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments, and that of all sorts. ver. 8.

I sought in mine heart to give myself unto wine (yet acquainting mine heart with wisdom) and to lay hold on folly, 'till I might see what was that good for the sons of men, which they should do under heaven, all the days of their life. ver. 3.

Then I said in my heart, as it happeneth unto the fool, so it happeneth even unto me; and why was I then more wise? then I said in my heart, that this also is vanity. ver. 15.

Therefore I hated life, because the work that is wrought under the sun is grievous unto me. Chap. II. ver 17.

Dead flies cause the ointment to send forth a stinking savour: so doth a little folly him that is in reputation for wisdom and honour. Chap X. ver 1.

The memory of the just is blessed, but the name of the wicked shall rot. Proverbs, Chap. X. ver. 7.

P L E A S U R E:

T H E

S E C O N D B O O K.

TRY then, O man, the moments to deceive,
That from the womb attend thee to the grave:
For weary'd nature find some apter scheme:
Health be thy hope; and pleasure be thy theme:
From the perplexing and unequal ways,
Where study brings thee: from the endless maze,
Which doubt persuades to run, forewarn'd recede,
To the gay field and flow'ry path, that lead
To jocund mirth, soft joy, and careless ease:
Forsake what may instruct, for what may please:
Essay amusing art, and proud expence:
And make thy reason subject to thy sense.

I commun'd thus: the pow'r of wealth I try'd,
And all the various luxe of costly pride.
Artists and plans reliev'd my solemn hours:
I founded palaces, and planted bow'rs.
Birds, fishes, beasts of each exotic kind
I to the limits of my court confin'd
To trees transferr'd I gave a second birth;
And bid a foreign shade grace Judah's earth.
Fish ponds were made where former forests grew;
And hills were levell'd to extend the view.

VOL. II.

P

Rivers diverted from their native course,
And bound with chains of artificial force,
From large cascades in pleasing tumult roll'd;
Or rose thro' figur'd stone, or breathing gold.
From furthest Africa's tormented womb
The marble brought, erects the spacious dome,
Or forms the pillars long-extended rows,
On which the planted grove, and pensile garden grows.

The workmen here obey the master's call,
To gild the turret, and to paint the wall;
To mark the pavement there with various stone:
And on the jasper steps to rear the throne:
The spreading cedar, that an age had stood,
Supreme of trees, and mistress of the wood,
Cut down and carv'd, my shining roof adorns,
And Lebanon his ruin'd honour mourns.

A thousand artists shew their cunning pow'r,
To raise the wonders of the iv'ry tow'r.
A thousand maidens ply the purple loom,
To weave the bed, and deck the regal room;
'Till Tyre confesses her exhausted store,
That on her coast the Murex is no more;
'Till from the Parian isle, and Libya's coast,
The mountains grieve their hopes of marble lost;
And India's woods return their just complaint,
Their brood decay'd, and want of elephant.

My full design with vast expence atchiev'd,
I came, beheld, admir'd, reflected, griev'd.
I chid the folly of my thoughtless haste:
For, the work perfected, the joy was past.

To my new courts sad thought did still repair;
 And round my gilded roofs hung hov'ring care.
 In vain on silken beds I sought repose;
 And restless oft from purple couches rose;
 Vexatious thought still found my flying mind
 Nor bound by limits, nor to place confin'd;
 Haunted my nights, and terrify'd my days;
 Stalk'd thro' my gardens, and pursu'd my ways,
 Nor shut from artful bow'r, nor lost in winding maze.

Yet take thy bent, my soul; another sense
 Indulge; add music to magnificence:
 Essay, if harmony may grief controll;
 Or pow'r of sound prevail upon the soul.
 Often our seers and poets have confess'd,
 That music's force can tame the furious beast;
 Can make the wolf, or foaming boar restrain
 His rage; the lion drop his crested main,
 Attentive to the song; the lynx forget
 His wrath to man, and lick the minstrel's feet.
 Are we, alas! less savage yet than these?
 Else music sure may human cares appease.

I spake my purpose; and the chearful choir
 Parted their shares of harmony the lyre
 Soften'd the timbrel's noise: the trumpet's sound
 Provok'd the Dorian flute (both sweeter sound
 When mix'd:) the fire the viol's notes refin'd,
 And ev'ry strength with every grace was join'd.
 Each morn they wak'd me with a sprightly lay:
 Of opening heav'n they sung, and gladsome day.

Each evening their repeated skill express'd
Scenes of repose, and images of rest :
Yet still in vain : for music gather'd thought:
But how unequal the effects it brought?
The soft ideas of the chearful note,
Lightly receiv'd, were easily forgot :
The solemn violence of the graver sound
Knew to strike deep and leave a lasting wound.

And now reflecting, I with grief descry
The sickly lust of the fantastic eye ;
How the weak organ is with seeing cloy'd,
Flying ere night what it at noon enjoy'd.
And now (unhappy search of thought !) I found
The fickle ear soon glutted with the sound,
Condemn'd eternal changes to pursue,
Tir'd with the last, and eager of the new.
I had the virgins and the youth advance,
To temper music with the sprightly dance.
In vain ! too low the mimic-motions seem :
What takes our heart, must merit our esteem.
Nature, I thought, perform'd too mean a part,
Forming her movements to the rules of art ;
And vex'd I found, that the musician's hand
Had o'er the dancer's mind too great command.

I drank ; I lik'd it not : 'twas rage ; 'twas noise ;
An airy scene of transitory joys.
In vain I trusted, that the flowing bowl
Would banish sorrow, and enlarge the soul.
To the late ravel, and protracted feast
Wild dreams succeeded, and disorder'd rest ;

nd as at dawn of morn fair reason's light
roke thro' the fumes and phantoms of the night;
What had been said, I ask'd my soul, what done;
How flow'd our mirth, and whence the source begun?
Perhaps the jest that charm'd this sprightly croud,
And made the jovial table laugh so loud,
To some false notion ow'd its poor pretence,
To an ambiguous word's perverted sense,
To a wild sonnet, or a wanton air,
Offence and torture to the sober ear.
Perhaps, alas! the pleasing stream was brought
From this man's error, from another's fault,;
From topics which good-nature would forget,
And prudence mention with the last regret.
Add yet unnumber'd ills, that lie unseen
In the pernicious draught; the word obscene,
Or harsh, which once elanc'd must ever fly
Irrevocable; the too prompt reply,
Seed of severe distrust, and fierce debate;
What we should shun, and what we ought to hate.

Add too the blood impoverish'd, and the course
Of health suppress'd, by wine's continu'd force.

Unhappy man! whom sorrow thus and rage
To diff'rent ills alternately engage.
Who drinks, alas! but to forget; nor sees,
That melancholy sloth, severe disease,
Mem'ry confus'd, and interrupted thought,
Death's harbingers, lie latent in the draught:
And in the flow'rs that wreath the sparkling bowl,
Fell adders hiss, and pois'nous serpents roll.

Remains there ought untry'd, that may remove
 Sickness of mind, and heal the bosom? —love,
 Love yet remains: indulge his genial fire,
 Cherish fair hope, solicit young desire,
 And boldly bid thy anxious soul explore
 This last great remedy's mysterious pow'r.

Why therefore hesitates my doubtful breast?
 Why ceases it one moment to be blest?
 Fly swift, my friends; my servants, fly; employ
 Your instant pains to bring your master joy.
 Let all my wives and concubines be dress'd:
 Let them to-night attend the royal feast;
 All Israel's beauty, all the foreign fair;
 The gifts of princes, or the spoils of war.
 Before their monarch they shall singly pass;
 And the most worthy shall obtain the grace.

I said: the feast was serv'd: the bowl was crown'd;
 To the king's pleasure went the mirthful round:
 The women came as custom wills, they past:
 On one, (O that distinguish'd one!) I cast
 The fav'rite glance: O! yet my mind retains
 That fond beginning of my infant pains.
 Mature the virgin was of Egypt's race:
 Grace shap'd her limbs; and beauty deck'd her face:
 Easy her motion seem'd, serene her air:
 Full, tho' unzon'd, her bosom rose; her hair
 Unty'd, and ignorant of artful aid,
 Adown her shoulders loosely lay display'd;
 And in the jetty curls ten thousand Cupids play'd.

Fix'd on her charms, and pleas'd that I could love,
Aid me my friends, contribute to improve
Your monarch's bliss, I said; fresh roses bring
To strow my bed; 'till the improv'ish'd spring
Confess her want; around my am'rous head
Be dropping myrthe, and liquid amber shed,
'Till Arab has no more. From the soft lyre,
Sweet flute, and ten-string'd instrument, require
Sounds of delight: and thou, fair nymph, draw nigh;
Thou in whose graceful form, and potent eye
Thy master's joy long fought at length is found;
And as thy brow, let my desires be crown'd;
O fav'rite virgin, that has warm'd the breast,
Whose sov'reign dictates subjugate the east!

I said; and sudden from the golden throne
With a submissive step I hasted down.

The glowing garland from my hair I took,
Love in my heart, obedience in my look;
Prepar'd to place it on her comely head:
O fav'rite virgin! (yet again I said)
Receive the honours destin'd to thy brow;
And O above thy fellows happy thou!
Their duty must thy sov'reign word obey.
Rise up, my love; my fair one, come away.

What pang, alas! what extasy of smart
Tore up my senses, and transfix'd my heart;
When she with modest scorn the wreath return'd,
Reclin'd her beauteous neck, and inward mourn'd?

Fore'd by my pride, I my concern suppress'd,
Pretended drowsiness, and wish of rest;
And sullen I forsook th' imperfect feast:

Ordering the eunuchs, to whose proper care
 Our eastern grandeur gives th' imprison'd fair,
 To lead her forth to a distinguish'd bow'r,
 And bid her dress the bed, and wait the hour.

Restless I follow'd this obdurate maid,
 (Swift are the steps that love and anger tread)
 Approach'd her person, courted her embrace,
 Renew'd my flame, repeated my disgrace:
 By turns put on the suppliant, and the lord:
 Threatn'd this moment, and the next implor'd;
 Offer'd again the unaccepted wreath,
 And choice of happy love, or instant death.

Averse to all her am'rous king desir'd,
 Far as she might, she decently retir'd:
 And darting scorn, and sorrow from her eyes,
 What means, said she, King Solomon the wise?

This wretched body trembles at your pow'r:
 Thus far could fortune: but she can no more.
 Free to herself my potent mind remains;
 Nor fears the victor's rage, nor feels his chains.

'Tis said, that thou canst plausibly dispute,
 Supreme of seers, of angel, man, and brute;
 Canst plead with subtile wit and fair discourse,
 Of passion's folly, and of reason's force.
 That to the tribes attentive thou canst show,
 Whence their misfortunes, or their blessings flow.
 That thou in science as in pow'r art great;
 And truth and honour on thy edicts wait.
 Where is that knowledge now, that regal thought,
 With just advice, and timely counsel fraught?

Where now, O judge of Israel, does it rove?—

What in one moment dost thou offer? love—

Love? why 'tis joy or sorrow, peace or strife:

'Tis all the colour of remaining life:

And human mis'ry must begin or end,

As he becomes a tyrant, or a friend.

Would David's son, religious, just and grave,

To the first bride bed of the world receive

A foreigner, a heathen, and a slave?

Or grant, thy passion has these names destroy'd;

That love, like death, makes all distinction void;

Yet in his empire o'er thy abj. Et breast,

His flames and torments only are express:

His rage can in my smiles alone relent:

And all his joys solicit my consent.

Soft love, spontaneous tree, its parted root

Must from two hearts with equal vigour shoot;

Whilst each delighted, and delighting, gives

The pleasing extacy, which each receives:

Cherish'd with hope, and fed with joy it grows:

Its chearful buds their op'ning bloom disclose;

And round the happy soil diffusive odour flows.

If angry fate that mutual care denies;

The fading plant bewails its due supplies:

Wild with despair, or sick with grief, it dies.

By force beasts act, and are by force restrain'd:

The human mind by gentle means is gain'd.

Thy useless strength, mistaken king, employ:

Stated with rage, and ignorant of joy,

Thou shalt not gain what I deny to yield;
 Nor reap the harvest, tho' thou spoil'st the field.
 Know, Solomon, thy poor extent of sway;
 Contract thy brow, and Israel shall obey:
 But wilful love thou must with smiles appease;
 Approach his awful throne by just degrees;
 And if thou would'st be happy, learn to please.

Not that those arts can here successful prove:
 For I am destin'd to another's love.
 Beyond the cruel bounds of thy command,
 To my dear equal, in my native land,
 My plighted vow I gave: I his receiv'd:
 Each swore with truth: with pleasure each believ'd.
 The mutual contract was to heav'n convey'd:
 In equal scales the busy angels weigh'd
 Its solemn force, and clap'd their wings, and spread
 The lasting roll, recording what we said.

Now in my heart behold thy poniard stain'd;
 Take the sad life which I have long disdain'd:
 End, in a dying virgin's wretched fate,
 Thy ill-starr'd passion and my steadfast hate.
 For long as blood informs these circling veins;
 Or fleeting breath its latest pow'r retains:
 Hear me to Egypt's vengeful gods declare,
 Hate is my part: be thine. O king, despair.

Now strike, she said, and open'd bare her breast;
 Stand it in Juda's chronicles confess,
 That David's son, by impious passion mov'd,
 Smote a she-slave, and murder'd what he lov'd.

Asham'd, confus'd, I started from the bed;
And to my soul yet uncollected said:
Into thy self, fond Solomon, return;
Reflect again, and thou again shalt mourn.
When I through number'd years have pleasure sought;
And in vain hope the wanton phantom caught;
To mock my sense, and mortify my pride,
'Tis in another's pow'r, and is deny'd.
Am I a king, great Heav'n! does life or death
Hang on the wrath, or mercy of my breath;
While kneeling I my servant's smiles implore;
And one mad dam'fel dares dispute my pow'r?

To ravish her? that thought was soon depress'd,
Which must debase the monarch to the beast.
To send her back? O whither, and to whom?
To lands where Solomon must never come;
To that insulting rival's happy arms,
For whom, disdaining me, she keeps her charms.

Fantastic tyrant of the am'rous heart;
How hard thy yoke! how cruel is thy dart!
Those 'scape thy anger, who refuse thy sway;
And those are punish'd most, who most obey.
See Judah's king revere thy greater pow'r:
What canst thou covet, or how triumph more?
Why then, O Love, with an obdurate ear
Does this proud nymph reject a monarch's pray'r?
Why to some simple shepherd does she run,
From the fond arms of David's fav'rite son?
Why flies she from the glories of a court,
Where wealth and pleasure may thy reign support,

To some poor cottage on the mountain's brow,
 Now bleak with winds, and cover'd now with snow:
 Where pinching want must curb her warm desires,
 And household cares suppress thy genial fires?

Too aptly the afflicted heathens prove
 The force, while they erect the shrines of love.
 His mystic form the artizans of Greece
 In wounded stone, or molten gold express:
 And Cyprus to his godhead pays her vow:
 Fast in his hand the idol holds his bow:
 A quiver by his side sustains a store
 Of pointed darts; sad emblems of his pow'r:
 A pair of wings he has, which he extends
 Now to be gone; which now again he bends
 Prone to return, as best may serve his wanton ends.
 Entirely thus I find the friend pourtray'd,
 Since first alas! I saw the beauteous maid:
 I felt him strike; and now I see him fly:
 Curs'd demon! O! for ever broken lie
 Those fatal shafts, by which I inward bleed!
 O! can my wishes yet o'ertake thy speed!
 Tir'd may'st thou pant, and hang thy flagging
 wing:

Except thou turn'st thy course, resolv'd to bring
 The dam'fel back, and save the love-sick king.

My soul thus struggling in the fatal net,
 Unable to enjoy or to forget;
 I reason'd much, alas! but more I lov'd;
 Sent and recall'd, ordain'd and disapprov'd:

Till hopeless plung'd in an abyss of grief,
I from necessity receiv'd relief:
Time gently aided to assuage my pain;
And wisdom took once more the slacken'd rein.

But O how short my interval of woe!

Our griefs how swift; our remedies how slow!
Another nymph (for so did heav'n ordain,
To change the manner, but renew the pain)
Another nymph, amongst the many fair,
That made my softer hours their solemn care,
Before the rest affected still to stand;
And watch'd my eye, preventing my command.
Abra, she so was call'd, did soonest haste
To grace my presence; Abra went the last:
Abra was ready e'er I call'd her name;
And tho' I call'd another, Abra came.

Her equals first observ'd her growing zeal;
And laughing gloss'd, that Abra serv'd so well.
To me her actions did unheeded die,
Or were remark'd but with a common eye;
'Till more appriz'd of what the rumour said,
More I observ'd peculiar in the maid.
The sun declin'd had shot his western ray;
When tir'd with business of the solemn day,
I purpos'd to unbend the ev'ning hours,
And banquet private in the womens bow'rs.
I call'd before I sat to wash my hands:
For so the precept of the law commands.
Love had ordain'd, that it was Abra's turn
To mix the sweets, and minister the urn.

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With awful homage, and submissive dread
 The maid approach'd. on my declining head
 To pour the oils: she trembled as she pour'd;
 With an unguarded look she now devour'd
 My nearer face: and now recall'd her eye,
 And heav'd, and strove to hide a sudden sigh.
 And whence, said I, canst thou have dread, or pain?
 What can thy imag'ry of sorrow mean?
 Secluded from the world, and all its care,
 Hast thou to grieve or joy, to hope or fear?
 For sure, I added, sure thy little heart
 Ne'er felt Love's anger, or receiv'd his dart.

Abash'd she blush'd, and with disorder spoke:
 Her rising shame adorn'd the words it broke.

If the great master will descend to hear
 The humble series of his hand-maid's care;
 O! while she tells it, let him not put on
 The look, that awes the nations from the throne:
 O! let not death severe in glory lie
 In the king's frown, and terror of his eye.

Mine to obey: thy part is to ordain:
 And tho' to mention, be to suffer pain;
 If the king smiles, whilst I my woe recite;
 If weeping I find favour in his sight;
 Flow fast my tears, full rising his delight.

O! witness earth beneath, and heav'n above;
 For can I hide it? I am sick of love:
 If madness may the name of passion bear;
 Or love be call'd, what is indeed despair.

Thou Sov'reign Pow'r, whose secret will controls
The inward bent and motion of our souls!
Why hast thou plac'd such infinite degrees
Between the cause and cure of my disease?
The mighty object of that raging fire,
In which unpity'd Abra must expire,
Had he been born some simple shepherd's heir,
The lowing herd, or fleecy sheep his care;
At morn with him I o'er the hills had run,
Scornful of winter's frost, and summer's sun,
Still asking, where he made his flock to rest at noon.
For him at night, the dear expected guest,
I had with hasty joy prepar'd the feast;
And from the cottage, o'er the distant plain,
Sent forth my longing eye to meet the twain;
Wav'ring, impatient, tofs'd by hope and fear;
'Till he and joy together should appear;
And the lov'd dog declare his master near.
On my declining neck, and open breast,
I should have lull'd the lovely youth to rest;
And from beneath his head, at dawning day,
With softest care have stoln my arm away;
To rise, and from the fold release the sheep,
Fond of his flock, indulgent to his sleep.

Or if kind heav'n propitious to my flame
(For sure from heav'n the faithful ardor came)
Had blest my life, and deck'd my natal hour
With height of title, and extent of pow'r:
Without a crime my passion had aspir'd,
Found the lov'd prince, and told what I desir'd.

Then I had come, preventing Sheba's queen,
To see the comeliest of the sons of men;
To hear the charming poet's am'rous song,
And gather honey falling from his tongue;
To take the fragrant kisses of his mouth,
Sweeter than breezes of her native south;
Likening his grace, his person, and his mien
To all that great or beauteous I had seen.
Serene and bright his eyes, as solar beams
Reflecting temper'd light from crystal streams;
Ruddy as gold his cheek; his bosom fair
As silver; the curl'd ringlets of his hair
Black as the raven's wing; his lip more red,
Than eastern coral, or the scarlet threed;
Even his teeth, and white like a young flock
Coeval, newly shorn, from the clear brook
Recent, and blanching on the sunny rock. }
Iv'ry with saphirs interspers'd, explains
How white his hands, how blue the manly veins.
Columns of polish'd marble firmly set
On golden bases, are his legs and feet.
His stature all majestic, all divine,
Straight as the palm-tree, strong as is the pine.
Saffron and myrrhe are on his garments shed:
And everlasting sweets bloom round his head.
What utter I? where am I? wretched maid!
Die, Abra, die: too plainly hast thou said
Thy soul's desire to meet his high embrace,
And blessings stamp'd upon thy future race;

To bid attentive nations bless thy womb,
With unborn monarchs charg'd, and Solomons to come.

Here o'er her speech her flowing eyes prevail.

O foolish maid! and O unhappy tale!
My suff'ring heart for ever shall defy
New wounds, and danger from a future eye.
O! yet my tortur'd senses deep retain
The wretched mem'ry of my former pain,
The dire affront, and my Egyptian chain.

As time, I said, may happily efface
That cruel image of the king's disgrace;
Imperial reason shall resume her seat;
And Solomon once fall'n, again be great.
Betray'd by passion, as subdu'd in war,
We wisely should exert a double care,
Nor ever ought a second time to err.

This Abra then——

I saw her; 'twas humanity; it gave
Some respite to the sorrows of my slave.
Her fond excess proclaim'd her passion true;
And generous pity to that truth was due.
Well I intreated her, who well deserv'd;
I call'd her often: for she always serv'd.
Use made her person easy to my sight;
And ease insensibly produc'd delight.

Whene'er I revell'd in the women's bow'rs
(For first I sought her but at looser hours)
The apples she had gather'd smelt most sweet:
The cake she kneaded was the fav'ry meat:

But fruits their odour-lost, and meats their taste;
If gentle Abra had not deck'd the feast.
Dishonour'd did the sparkling goblet stand:
Unless receiv'd from gentle Abra's hand:
And when the virgins form'd the ev'ning choir,
Raising their voices to the master lyre;
Too flat I thought this voice, and that too shrill;
One show'd too much, and one too little skill:
Nor could my soul approve the music's tone;
'Till all was hush'd, and Abra sung alone.
Fairer she seem'd, distinguish'd from the rest;
And better mien disclos'd, as better dress'd.
A bright Tiara round her forehead ty'd,
To juster bounds confin'd its rising pride:
The blushing ruby on her snowy breast,
Render'd its panting whiteness more confess'd:
Bracelets of pearl give roundness to her arm;
And ev'ry gem augmented ev'ry charm.
Her senses pleas'd, her beauty still improv'd;
And she more lovely grew, as more belov'd.

And now I cold behold, avow, and blame
The several follies of my former flame;
Willing my heart for recompence to prove
The certain joys that lie in prosp'rous love.
For what, said I, from Abra can I fear,
Too humble to insult, too soft to be severe?
The damsel's sole ambition is to please:
With freedom I may like, and quit with ease:
She sooths, but never can enthrall my mind:
Why may not peace and love for once be join'd?

Great heav'n! how frail thy creature man is made!
 How by himself insensibly betray'd!
 In our own strength unhappily secure,
 Too little cautious of the adverse pow'r;
 And by the blast of self-opinion mov'd,
 We wish to charm, and seek to be lov'd.
 On pleasure's flowing brink we idly stray,
 Masters as yet of our returning way:
 Seeing no danger, we disarm our mind;
 And give our conduct to the waves and wind:
 Then in the flow'ry mead, or verdant shade
 To wanton dalliance negligently laid,
 We weave the chaplet, and we crown the bowl;
 And smiling see the nearer waters roll;
 'Till the strong gusts of raging passion rise;
 'Till the dire tempest mingles earth and skies;
 And swift into the boundless ocean born,
 Our foolish confidence too late we mourn:
 Round our devoted heads the billows beat;
 And from our troubl'd view the lessen'd lands retreat.

O mighty love! from thy unbounded pow'r
 How shall the human bosom rest secure?
 How shall our thought avoid the various snare?
 Or wisdom to our caution'd soul declare
 The diff'rent shapes, thou pleasest to employ,
 When bent to hurt, and certain to destroy?
 The haughty nymph in open beauty dress'd,
 To-day encounters our unguarded breast:
 She looks with majesty, and moves with state:
 Unbent her soul, and in misfortune great,
 She scorns the world, and dares the rage of fate.

Here whilst we take stern manhood for our guide,
 And guard our conduct with becoming pride;
 Charm'd with the courage in her action shown,
 We praise her mind, the image of our own.
 She that can please, is certain to persuade:
 To-day belov'd, to-morrow is obey'd.
 We think we see thro' reason's optics right;
 Nor find, how beauty's rays elude our sight:
 Struck with her eye, whilst we applaud her mind:
 And when we speak her great, we wish her kind.

To-morrow, cruel pow'r, thou arm'st the fair
 With flowing sorrow, and dishevel'd hair;
 Sad her complaint, and humble is her tale,
 Her sighs explaining where her accents fail.
 Here gen'rous softness warms the honest breast:
 We raise the sad, and succour the distress'd:
 And whilst our wish prepares the kind relief;
 Whilst pity mitigates her rising grief:
 We sicken soon from her contagious care;
 Grieve for her sorrows, groan for her despair;
 And against love too late those bosoms arm,
 Which tears can soften, and which sighs can warm.

Against this nearest cruellest of foes,
 What shall wit meditate, or force oppose?
 Whence, feeble nature, shall we summon aid;
 If by our pity, and our pride betray'd?
 External remedy shall we hope to find,
 When the close fiend has gain'd our treach'rous mind;
 Insulting there does reason's pow'r deride;
 And blind himself, conducts the dazzl'd guide?

My conqueror now, my lovely Abra held
 My freedom in her chains; my heart was fill'd
 With her, with her alone: in her alone
 It fought its peace and joy: while she was gone,
 It sigh'd, and griev'd, impatient of her stay:
 Return'd, she chas'd those sighs, that grief away:
 Her absence made the night: her presence brought
 the day. }

The ball, the play, the mask by turns succeed.
 For her I make the song: the dance with her I lead.
 I court her various in each shape and dress,
 That luxury may form, or thought express.

To-day beneath the palm-tree on the plains
 In Deborah's arms and habit Abra reigns:
 The wreath denoting conquest guides her brow:
 And low, like Barak, at her feet I bow.
 The mimic chorus sings her prosp'rous band;
 As she had slain the foe, and sav'd the land.

To-morrow she approves a softer air;
 Forsakes the pomp and pageantry of war;
 The form of peaceful Abigail assumes;
 And from the village with the present comes:
 The youthful band depose their glittering arms;
 Receive her bounties, and recite her charms;
 Whilst I assume my father's step and mien,
 To meet with due regard my future queen.

If hap'ly Abra's will be now inclin'd
 To range the woods, or chace the flying hind:
 Soon as the sun awakes, the sprightly court
 Leave their repose, and hasten to the sport.

In lessen'd royalty, and humble state,
Thy king, Jerusalem, descends to wait,
'Till Abra comes. She comes: a milk-white steed,
Mixture of Persia's, and Arabia's breed,
Sustains the nymph: her garments flying loose,
(As the Sidonian maids, or Thracian use)
And half her knee, and half her breast appear,
By art, like negligence, disclos'd, and bare.
Her left hand guides the hunting courser's flight:
A silver bow she carries in her right:
And from the golden quiver at her side,
Rusties the ebony arrow's feather'd pride.
Saphirs and diamonds on her front display
An artificial moon's increasing ray.

Diana, huntress, mistress of the groves,
The fav'rite Abra speaks, and looks, and moves.
Her, as the present goddess, I obey:
Beneath her feet the captive game I lay.
The mingl'd chorus sings Diana's fame:
Clarions and horns in louder peals proclaim
Her mythic praise: the vocal triumphs bound
Against the hills: the hills reflect the sound.
If tir'd this evening with the hunted woods,
To the large fish-pools, or the glassy floods
Her mind to-morrow points; a thousand hands
To-night employ'd, obey the king's commands.
Upon the war'ry beach an artful pile
Of planks is join'd, and forms a moving isle.
A golden chariot in the midst is set;
And silver cygnets seem to feel its weight.

Abra, bright queen, ascends her gaudy throne,
In semblance of the Grecian Venus known:
Tritons and sea-green Naiads round her move;
And sing in moving strains the force of love:
Whilst as th' approaching pageant does appear;
And echoing crouds speak mighty Venus near;
I, her adorer, too devoutly stand
Fast on the utmost margin of the land,
With arms and hopes extended, to receive
The fancy'd goddess rising from the wave.
O subject reason! O imperious love!
Whither yet further would my folly rove?
Is it enough, that Abra should be great
In the wall'd palace, or the rural seat?
That masking habits, and a borrow'd name
Contrive to hide my plenitude of shame?
No, no: Jerusalem combin'd must see
My open fault, and regal infamy,
Solemn a month is destin'd for the feast:
Abra invites: the nation is the guest.
To have the honour of each day sustain'd,
The woods are travers'd, and the lakes are drain'd;
Arabia's wilds, and Egypt's, are explor'd:
The edible creation decks the board:
Hardly the Phenix 'scapes——
The men their lyres, the maids their voices raise,
To sing my happiness, and Abra's praise;
And slavish bards our mutual loves rehearse
In lying strains, and ignominious verse:

While from the banquet leading forth the bride,
Whom prudent love from public eyes should hide;
I show her to the world, confess'd and known
Queen of my heart, and partner of my throne.

And now her friends and flatt'ers fill the court:
From Dan, and from Beersheba they resort:
They barter places, and dispose of grants,
Whole provinces unequal to their wants.
They teach her to recede, or to debate;
With toys of love to mix affairs of state;
By practis'd rules her empire to secure;
And in my pleasure make my ruin sure.
They gave, and she transfer'd the curs'd advice,
That monarchs should their inward soul disguise,
Dissemble and command, be false and wise;
By ignominious arts for servile ends
Should compliment their foes, and shun their friends.
And now I leave the true and just supports
Of legal princes, and of honest courts,
Barzillai's, and the fierce Benaiah's heirs;
Whose fires, great partner in my father's cares,
Saluted their young king at Hebron crown'd,
Great by their toil, and glorious by their wound.
And now, unhappy council, I prefer
Those whom my follies only made me fear,
Old Corah's brood, and taunting Shemei's race;
Miscreants who ow'd their lives to David's grace;
Tho' they had spurn'd his rule, and curs'd him to
his face.

Still Abra's pow'r, my scandal still increas'd;
Justice submitted to what Abra pleas'd:
Her will alone could settle or revoke;
And law was fix'd by what she latest spoke.

Israel neglected, Abra was my care:
I only acted, thought, and liv'd for her.
I durst not reason with my wounded heart.
Abra possess'd; she was its better part.
O! had I now review'd the famous cause,
Which gave my righteous youth so just applause;
In vain on the dissembl'd mother's tongue
Had cunning art, and sly persuasion hung;
And real care in vain, and native love
In the true parent's panting breast had strove;
While both deceiv'd had seen the destin'd child
Or slain, or sav'd, as Abra frown'd, or smil'd.

Unknowing to command, proud to obey,
A life-less king, a royal shade I lay.
Unheard the injur'd orphans now complain:
The widow's cries address the throne in vain.
Causes unjudg'd disgrace the loaded file;
And sleeping laws the king's neglect revile.
No more the elders throng'd around my throne,
To hear my maxims, and reform their own.
No more the young nobility were taught,
How Moses govern'd, and how David fought.
Loose and undisciplin'd the soldier lay;
Or lost in drink and game the solid day:
Porches and schools, design'd for public good,
Uncover'd, and with scaffolds cumber'd stood,

Or nodded, threatning ruin——
 Half pillars wanted their expected height ;
 And roofs imperfect prejudic'd the sight.
 The artists grieve ; the lab'ring people droop :
 My father's legacy, my country's hope,
 God's temple lies unfinish'd——

The wise and grave deplor'd their monarch's fate,
 And future mischiefs of a sinking state.
 Is this, the serious said, is this the man,
 Whose active soul thro' ev'ry science ran ?
 Who by just rule and elevated skill
 Prescrib'd the dubious bounds of good and ill ?
 Whose golden sayings, and immortal wit,
 On large Phylacteries expressive writ,
 Were to the forehead of the Rabbins ty'd,
 Our youth's instruction, and our age's pride ?
 Could not the wise his wild desires restrain ?
 Then was our hearing, and his preaching vain !
 What from his life and letters were we taught,
 But that his knowledge aggravates his fault ?

In lighter mood the humorous and the gay
 (As crown'd with roses at their feasts they lay)
 Sent the full goblet, charg'd with Abra's name,
 And charms superior to their master's fame :
 Laughing some praise the king, who let 'em see,
 How aptly luxe, and empire might agree :
 Some gloss'd, how love and wisdom were at strife ;
 And brought my proverbs to confront my life.
 However, friend, here's to the king, one cries :
 To him who was the king, the friend replies.

The king, for Judah's, and for wisdom's curse,
 To Abra yields: could I, or thou do worse?
 Our looser lives let chance or folly steer:
 If thus the prudent and determin'd err.
 Let Dinah bind with flow'rs her flowing hair:
 And touch the lute, and sound the wanton air:
 Let us the bliss without the sting receive,
 Free, as we will, or to enjoy, or leave.
 Pleasures on levity's smooth surface flow:
 Thought brings the weight, that sinks the soul to woe.
 Now be this maxim to the king convey'd,
 And added to the thousand he has made.

Sadly, O reason, is thy pow'r express'd,
 Thou gloomy tyrant of the frighted breast!
 And harsh the rules, which we from thee receive;
 If for our wisdom we our pleasure give;
 And more to think be only more to grieve.
 If Judah's king at thy tribunal try'd,
 Forsakes his joy, to vindicate his pride;
 And changing sorrows, I am only found [bound.
 Loos'd from the chains of love, in thine more strictly

But do I call thee Tyrant, or complain,
 How hard thy laws, how absolute thy reign?
 While thou, alas! art but an empty name,
 To no two men, who e'er discours'd, the same;
 The idle product of a troubled thought,
 In borrow'd shapes, and airy colours wrought;
 A fancy'd line, and a reflected shade;
 A chain which man to fetter man has made,
 By artifice impos'd, by fear obey'd.

Yet, wretched name, or arbitrary thing,
Whence ever I thy cruel essence bring,
I own thy influence ; for I feel thy sting.
Reluctant I perceive thee in my soul,
Form'd to command, and destin'd to controul.

Yes ; thy insulting dictates shall be heard :
Virtue for once shall be her own reward :
Yes ; rebel Israel, this unhappy maid
Shall be dismiss'd : the crowd shall be obey'd :
The king his passion, and his rule shall leave,
No longer Abra's, but the people's slave.
My coward soul shall bear its wayward fate :
I will, alas ! be wretched, to be great,
And sigh in royalty, and grieve in state.

I said : resolv'd to plunge into my grief
At once so far as to expect relief
From my despair alone——
I chose to write the thing I durst not speak,
To her I lov'd, to her I must forsake.
The harsh epistle labour'd much to prove,
How inconsistent majesty, and love.
I always should, it said, esteem her well ;
But never see her more : it bid her feel
No future pain for me ; but instant wed
A lover more proportion'd to her bed ;
And quiet dedicate her remnant life
To the just duties of an humble wife.

She read ; and forth to me she wildly ran,
To me, the ease of all her former pain.
She kneel'd, intreated, struggl'd, threaten'd, cry'd,
And with alternate passion liv'd, and dy'd :

'Till now deny'd the liberty to mourn,
And by rude fury from my presence torn,
This only object of my real care,
Cut off from hope, abandon'd to despair,
In some few posting fatal hours is hurl'd [world.
From wealth, from pow'r, from love, and from the

Here tell me, if thou dar'st, my conscious soul,
What diff'rent sorrows did within me roll?
What pangs, what fires, what racks didst thou sustain?
What sad vicissitudes of smarting pain?
How oft from pomp and state did I remove,
To feed despair, and cherish hopeless love?
How oft, all day, recall'd I Abra's charms,
Her beauties press'd, and panting in my arms?
How oft, with sighs, view'd ev'ry female face,
Where mimic fancy might her likeness trace?
How oft desir'd to fly from Israel's throne,
And live in shades with her and love alone?
How oft, all night, pursu'd her in my dreams,
O'er flow'ry vallies, and thro' crystal streams;
And waking, view'd with grief the rising sun,
And fondly mourn'd the dear delusion gone?

When thus the gather'd storms of wretched love,
In my swoln bosom, with long war had strove;
At length they broke their bounds: at length their force
Bore down whatever met its stronger course:
Laid all the civil bonds of manhood waste:
And scatter'd ruin, as the torrent past.

So from the hills, whose hollow caves contain
The congregated snow, and swelling rain;
'Till the full stores their antient bounds disdain;
Precipitate the furious torrent flows:
In vain would speed avoid, or strength oppose:
Towns, forests, herds, and men promiscuous
drown'd,
With one great death deform the dreary ground:
The echo'd woes from distant rocks resound.
And now, what impious ways my wishes took;
How they the monarch, and the man forsook;
And how I follow'd an abandon'd will,
Thro' crooked paths, and sad retreats of ill;
How Judah's daughters now, now foreign slaves,
By turns my prostituted bed receives:
Thro' tribes of women how I loosely rang'd
Impatient; lik'd to-night, to-morrow chang'd;
And by the instinct of capricious lust,
Enjoy'd, disdain'd, was grateful, or unjust:
O, be these scenes from human eyes conceal'd,
In clouds of decent silence justly veil'd!
O, be the wanton images convey'd
To black oblivion, and eternal shade!
Or let their sad epitome alone,
And outward lines to future age be known,
Enough to propagate the sure belief,
That vice engenders shame; and folly broods o'er grief.
Bury'd in sloth, and lost in ease I lay:
The night I revell'd; and I slept the day.

Now heaps of fuel damp'd my kindling fires;
And daily change extinguish'd young desires.
By its own force destroy'd, fruition ceas'd;
And alway's weary'd, I was never pleas'd.
No longer now does my neglected mind
Its wonted stores, and old ideas find.
Fix'd judgment there no longer does abide,
To take the true, to set the false aside.
No longer does swift mem'ry trace the cells,
Where springing wit, or young invention dwells.
Frequent debauch to habitude prevails:
Patience of toil, and love of virtue fails.
By sad degrees impair'd my vigor dies;
'Till I command no longer ev'n in vice.

The women on my dotage build their sway:
They ask; I grant: they threaten; I obey.
In regal garments now I gravely stride,
Aw'd by the Persian damsel's haughty pride.
Now with the looser Syrian dance, and sing,
In robes tuck'd up, opprobrious to the king.

Charm'd by their eyes, their manners I acquire,
And shape my foolishness to their desire.
Seduc'd and aw'd by the Philistine dame,
At Dagon's shrine I kindle impious flame.
With the Chaldean's charms her rites prevail;
And curling frankincense ascends to Baal.
To each new harlot I new altars dress;
And serve her god, whose person I caress.

Where, my deluded sense, was reason flown?
Where the high majesty of David's throne?

Where all the maxims of eternal truth,
 With which the living God inform'd my youth?
 When with the lewd Egyptian I adore
 Vain idols, deities that ne'er before
 In Israel's land had fix'd their dire abodes,
 Beastly divinities, and droves of gods:
 Osiris, Apis, pow'rs that chew the cud,
 And dog Anubis, flatt'rer for his food:
 When in the woody hill's forbidden shade
 I carv'd the marble, and invok'd its aid:
 When in the fens to snakes and flies, with zeal
 Unworthy human thought, I prostrate fell;
 To shrubs and plants my vile devotion paid;
 And set the bearded leek, to which I pray'd:
 When to all beings sacred rites were giv'n;
 Forgot the Arbiter of earth and heav'n.

Thro' these sad shades, this Chaos in my soul,
 Some seeds of light at length began to roll.
 The rising motion of an infant ray
 Shot glimm'ring thro' the cloud, and promis'd day.
 And now one moment able to reflect,
 I found the king abandon'd to neglect,
 Seen without awe, and serv'd without respect,
 I found my subjects amicably join,
 To lessen their defects by citing mine.
 The priest with pity pray'd for David's race;
 And left his text, to dwell on my disgrace.
 The father, whilst he warn'd his erring son,
 The sad examples which he ought to shun,
 Describ'd, and only nam'd not Solomon.

Each bard, each sire did to his pupil sing,

A wise child better than a foolish king.

Into myself my reason's eye I turn'd;

And as I much reflected, much I mourn'd.

A mighty king I am, an earthly god:

Nations obey my word, and wait my nod,

I raise or sink, imprison or set free;

And life or death depends on my decree.

Fond the idea, and the thought is vain:

O'er Judah's king ten thousand tyrants reign,

Legions of lust, and various pow'rs of ill

Insult the master's tributary will:

And he, from whom the nations should receive

Justice and freedom, lies himself a slave,

Tortur'd by cruel change of wild desires,

Lash'd by mad rage, and scorch'd by brutal fires.

O reason! once again to thee I call:

Accept my sorrow, and retrieve my fall.

Wisdom, thou say'st, from heaven receiv'd her birth;

Her beams transmitted to the subject earth.

Yet this great empress of the human soul

Does only with imagin'd pow'r controul;

If restless passion by rebellious sway

Compels the weak usurper to obey.

O troubled, weak, and coward, as thou art!

Without thy poor advice the lab'ring heart

To worse extremes with swifter steps would run,

Not sav'd by virtue, yet by vice undone.

Oft have I said; the praise of doing well

Is to the ear, as ointment to the smell.

Now if some flies perchance, how ever small,
Into the alabaster urn should fall;
The odors of the sweets inclos'd, would die;
And stench corrupt (sad change!) their place supply.
So the least faults, if mix'd with fairest deed,
Of future ill become the fatal seed:
Into the balm of purest virtue cast,
Annoy all life with one contagious blast.

Lost Solomon! pursue this thought no more:
Of thy past errors recollect the store:
And silent weep, that while the deathless muse
Shall sing the just; shall o'er their head diffuse
Perfumes with lavish hand; she shall proclaim
Thy crimes alone; and to thy evil fame
Impartial, scatter damps and poisons on thy name.

Awaking therefore, as who long had dream'd,
Much of my women, and their gods asham'd,
From this abyfs of exemplary vice
Resolv'd, as time might aid my thought, to rise;
Again I bid the mournful goddess write
The fond pursuit of fugitive delight:
Bid her exalt her melancholly wing,
And rais'd from earth, and sav'd from passion sing
Of human hope by cross event destroy'd,
Of useles wealth, and greatness unenjoy'd,
Of lust and love, with their fantastic train,
Their wishes, smiles, and looks deceitful, all in vain.

P O W E R:

T H E

T H I R D B O O K.

T H E A R G U M E N T.



SOLOMON considers man through the several stages and conditions of life; and concludes in general, that we are all miserable. He reflects more particularly upon the trouble and uncertainty of greatness and power; gives some instances thereof from Adam down to himself; and still concludes that all is VANITY. He reasons again upon life, death, and a future being; finds human wisdom too imperfect to resolve his doubts; has recourse to religion; is informed by an angel, what shall happen to himself, his family, and his kingdom, 'till the redemption of Israel: and, upon the whole, resolves to submit his enquiries and anxieties to the will of his Creator.

TEXTS chiefly alluded to in this B O O K.

Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. Ecclesiastes chap. XII. ver. 6.

The sun ariseth, and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to his place where he arose. Ecclesiastes, chap. I. ver. 5.

TEXTS chiefly alluded to in this BOOK.

The wind goeth toward the south, and turneth about unto the north. It whirleth about continually; and the wind returneth again, according to his circuits. ver. 6.

All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full. Unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again. ver. 7.

Then shall the dust return to the earth, as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it. Ecclesiastes, chap. XII. ver. 7.

Now when Solomon had made an end of praying, the fire came down from heaven, and consumed the burnt-offering, and the sacrifices; and the glory of the Lord filled the house. II. Chronicles, chap. VII. ver. 1.

By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down; yea we wept, when we remembered Sion, &c. Psalm CXXXVII. ver. 1.

I said of laughter, it is mad; and of mirth, what doeth it? Ecclesiastes, chap. II. ver. 2.

No man can find out the work that God maketh, from the beginning to the end. Ecclesiastes, chap. III. ver. 11.

Whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever: nothing can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it: and God doeth it, that men should fear before him. ver. 14.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter; fear God, and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man. Ecclesiastes, chap. XII. ver. 13.

P O W E R:

T H E

T H I R D B O O K.

COME then, my soul: I call thee by that name,
Thou busie thing, from whence I know I am:
For knowing that I am, I know thou art;
Since that must needs exist, which can impart.
But how thou cam'st to be, or whence thy spring:
For various of thee priests and poets sing.

Hear'st thou submissive, but a lowly birth,
Some sep'rate particles of finer earth,
A plain effect which nature must beget,
As motion orders, and as atoms meet;
Companion of the body's good or ill;
From force of instinct more than choice of will;
Conscious of fear or valour, joy or pain,
As the wild courses of the blood ordain;
Who as degrees of heat and cold prevail,
In youth dost flourish and with age shalt fail;
'Till mingl'd with thy partner's latest breath
Thou fly'st dissolv'd in air, and lost in death.

Or if thy great existence would aspire
To causes more sublime; of heav'nly fire
Wer't thou a spark struck off, a sep'rate ray,
Ordain'd to mingle with terrestrial clay;

With it condemn'd for certain years to dwell,
 To grieve its frailties, and its pains to feel;
 To teach it good and ill, disgrace or fame;
 Pale it with rage, or redden it with shame:
 To guide its actions with informing care,
 In peace to judge, to conquer in the war;
 Render it agile, witty, valiant, sage,
 As fits the various course of human age;
 'Till as the earthly part decays and falls,
 The captive breaks her prison's mould'ring walls;
 Hovers a while upon the sad remains,
 Which now the pile, or sepulchre contains;
 And thence with liberty unbounded flies,
 Impatient to regain her native skies.

Whate'er thou art, where-e'er ordain'd to go
 (Points which we rather may dispute, than know)
 Come on, thou little inmate of this breast,
 Which for thy sake from passions I divest:
 For these, thou say'st, raise all the stormy strife,
 Which hinder thy repose, and trouble life.
 Be the fair level of thy actions laid,
 As temp'rance wills, and prudence may persuade:
 Be thy affections undisturb'd and clear,
 Guided to what may great or good appear;
 And try if life be worth the liver's care. }
 Amass'd in man there justly is beheld
 What thro' the whole creation has excell'd:
 The life and growth of plants, of beasts the sense,
 The angel's forecast and intelligence:

Say from these glorious seeds, what harvest flows:

Recount our blessings, and compare our woes.

In its true light let clearest reason see

The man dragg'd out to act, and forc'd to be;

Helpless and nak'd on a woman's knees

To be expos'd or rear'd as she may please;

Feel her neglect, and pine from her disease.

His tender eye by too direct a ray

Wounded, and flying from unpractis'd day;

His heart assaulted by invading air,

And beating fervent to the vital war;

To his young sense how various forms appear;

That strike his wonder, and excite his fear?

By his distortions he reveals his pains;

He by his tears, and by his sighs complains;

'Till time and use assist the infant wretch,

By broken words, and rudiments of speech,

His wants in plainer characters to show,

And paint more perfect figures of his woe,

Condemn'd to sacrifice his childish years

To bab'ling ign'rance, and to empty fears;

To pass the riper period of his age,

Acting his part upon a croud'd stage;

To lasting toils expos'd, and endless cares,

To open dangers, and to secret snares;

To malice which the vengeful foe intends,

And the more dangerous love of seeming friends.

His deeds examin'd by the people's will,

Proned to forget the good, and blame the ill:

Or sadly censur'd in their curs'd debate,
Who in the scorner's, or the judge's seat
Dare to condemn the virtue which they hate.
Or would he rather live this frantic scene;
And trees and beasts prefer to courts and men?
In the remotest wood and lonely grott
Certain to meet that worst of evils, thought;
Diff'rent ideas to his mem'ry brought:
Some intricate, as are the pathless woods;
Impetuous some, as the descending floods:
With anxious doubts, with raging passions torn,
No sweet companion near, with whom to mourn;
He hears the echoing rock return his sighs;
And from himself the frightened hermit flies.

Thus, thro' what path soe'er of life we rove,
Rage companies our hate, and grief our love:
Vex'd with the present moment's heavy gloom,
Why seek we brightness from the years to come?
Disturb'd and broken like a sick man's sleep,
Our troubled thoughts to distant prospects leap:
Desirous still what flies us to o'ertake:
For hope is but the dream of those that wake:
But looking back, we see the dreadful train
Of woes, a-new which were we to sustain,
We should refuse to tread the path again.
Still adding grief, still counting from the first;
Judging the latest evils still the worst;
And sadly finding each progressive hour
Heighten their number, and augment their pow'r:

'Till by one countless sum of woes oppress'd,
Hoary with cares, and ignorant of rest,
We find the vital springs relax'd and worn:
Compell'd our common impotence to mourn,
Thus, thro' the round of age, to childhood we re-
turn;

Reflecting find, that nak'd from the womb
We yesterday came forth; that in the tomb
Naked again we must to-morrow lie,
Born to lament, to labour, and to die.
Pass we the ills, which each man feels or dreads,
The weight or fall'n, or hanging o'er our heads;
The bear, the lion, terrors of the plain,
The sheepfold scatter'd, and the shepherd slain;
The frequent errors of the pathless wood,
The giddy precipice, and the dang'rous flood:
The noisom pest'lence, that in open war
Terrible, marches thro' the mid-day air,
And scatters death; the arrow that by night
Cuts the dank mist, and fatal wings its flight;
The billowing snow, and violence of the show'r,
That from the hills disperse their dreadful store,
And o'er the vales collected ruin pour;
The worm that gnaws the ripening fruit, sad guest,
Canker or locust hurtful to infect
The blade; while husks elude the tiller's care,
And eminence of want distinguishes the year.

Pass we the slow disease, and subtle pain,
Which our weak frame is destin'd to sustain;

The cruel stone, with congregated war
 Tearing his bloody way; the cold catarrh,
 With frequent impulse, and continu'd strife,
 Weak'ning the wasted seats of irksome life;
 The gout's fierce rack, the burning fever's rage,
 The sad experience of decay; and age,
 Herself the forest ill; while death, and ease,
 Oft and in vain invoc'd, or to appease,
 Or end the grief, with hasty wings recede
 From the vex'd patient, and the sickly bed.

Nought shall it profit, that the charming fair,
 Angelic, softest work of heav'n, draws near
 To the cold shaking paralytic hand,
 Senseless of beauty's touch, or love's command,
 Nor longer apt, or able to fulfill
 The dictates of its feeble master's will.

Nought shall the psaltry, and the harp avail,
 The pleasing song, or well-repeated tale;
 When the quick spirits their warm march forbear;
 And numbing coldness has unbrac'd the ear.

The verdant rising of the flow'ry hill,
 The vale enamell'd, and the crystal rill,
 The ocean rolling, and the shelly shore,
 Beautiful objects, shall delight no more;
 When the lax'd sinews of the weaken'd eye
 In wat'ry damps, or dim suffusion lie.
 Day follows night; the clouds return again
 After the falling of the latter rain:
 But to the aged blind shall ne'er return
 Grateful vicissitude; he still must mourn

The sun, and moon, and ev'ry starry light
Eclips'd to him, and lost in everlasting night.

Behold where age's wretched victim lies:
See his head trembling, and his half-clos'd eyes:
Frequent for breath his panting bosom heaves:
To broken sleeps his remnant sense he gives:
And only by his pains, awaking finds he lives.

Loos'd by devouring time the silver cord
Dissever'd lies: unhonour'd from the board
The crystal urn, when broken, is thrown by;
And apter utensils their place supply.
These things and thou must share one equal lot;
Die, and be lost, corrupt and be forgot;
While still another, and another race
Shall now supply, and now give up the place.
From earth all came, to earth must all return;
Frail as the cord and brittle as the urn.

But be the terror of these ills suppress'd:
And view we man with health and vigor blest.
Home he returns with the declining sun,
His destin'd task of labour hardly done;
Goes forth again with the ascending ray,
Again his travel for his bread to pay,
And find the ill sufficient to the day.
Hap'ly at night he does with horror shun
A widow'd daughter, or a dying son:
His neighbour's off-spring he to-morrow sees;
And doubly feels his want in their increase:
The next day, and the next he must attend
His foe triumphant, or his buried friend.

In ev'ry act and turn of life he feels
 Public calamities, or household ills :
 The due reward to just desert refus'd :
 The trust betray'd, the nuptial bed abus'd :
 The judge corrupt, the long depending cause,
 And doubtful issue of misconstru'd laws.
 The crafty turns of a dishonest state,
 And violent will of the wrong-doing great :
 The venom'd tongue injurious to his fame,
 Which nor can wisdom shun, nor fair advice reclaim.

Esteem we these, my friends, event and chance,
 Produc'd as atoms form their flutt'ring dance ?
 Or higher yet their essence may we draw
 From destin'd order, and eternal law ?
 Again, my muse, the cruel doubt repeat :
 Spring they, I say, from accident, or fate ?
 Yet such, we find, they are, as can controul
 The servile actions of our wav'ring soul ;
 Can fright, can alter, or can chain the will ;
 Their ills all built on life, that fundamental ill.

O fatal search ! in which the lab'ring mind,
 Still press'd with weight of woe, still hopes to find
 A shadow of delight, a dream of peace,
 From years of pain, one moment of release ;
 Hoping at least she may herself deceive,
 Against experience willing to believe,
 Desirous to rejoice, condemn'd to grieve.

Happy the mortal man, who now at last
 Has thro' this doleful vale of mis'ry past ;

Who to his destin'd stage has carry'd on
 The tedious load, and laid his burden down;
 Whom the cut brass, or wounded marble shows
 Victor o'er life, and all her train of woes.
 He happier yet, who priviledg'd by fate
 To shorter labour, and a lighter weight,
 Receiv'd but yesterday the gift of breath,
 Order'd to-morrow to return to death.
 But O! beyond description happiest he,
 Who ne'er must roll on life's tumultuous sea;
 Who with blest freedom from the gen'ral doom
 Exempt, must never force the teeming womb,
 Nor see the sun, nor sink into the tomb.

Who breathes, must suffer; and who thinks, must
 mourn;

And he alone was blest'd, who ne'er was born.

" Yet in thy turn, thou frowning preacher, hear :

" Are not these general maxims too severe?

" Say: cannot pow'r secure its owner's bliss?

" And is not wealth the potent fire of peace?

" Are victors blest'd with fame, or kings with ease?

I tell thee, life is but one common care;

And man was born to suffer, and to fear.

" But is no rank, no station, no degree

" From this contagious taint of sorrow free?

None, mortal, none: yet in a bolder strain

Let me this melancholy truth maintain:

But hence, ye worldly, and prophane, retire:

For I adapt my voice, and raise my lyre

To notions not by vulgar ear receiv'd:
Ye still must cover life, and be deceiv'd:
Your very fear of death shall make ye try
To catch the shade of immortality;
Wishing on earth to linger, and to save
Part of its prey from the devouring grave;
To those who may survive ye, to bequeath
Something entire, in spite of time and death;
A fancy'd kind of being to retrieve;
And in a book, or from a building live:
False hope! vain labour! let some ages fly:
The dome shall moulder, and the volume die:
Wretches, still taught, still will ye think it strange,
That all the parts of this great fabric change;
Quit their old station, and primaeval frame;
And lose their shape, their essence, and their name?
Reduce the song: our hopes, our joys are vain:
Our lot is sorrow; and our portion pain.

What pause from woe, what hopes of comfort bring
The name of wise or great, of judge or king?
What is a king, a man condemn'd to bear
The public burden of the nation's care;
Now crown'd some angry faction to appease;
Now falls a victim to the people's ease:
From the first blooming of his ill-taught youth,
Nourish'd in flattery, and estrang'd from truth:
At home surrounded by a servile croud,
Prompt to abuse, and in detraction loud:
Abroad begirt with men, and swords, and spears;
His very state acknowledging his fears:

Marching amidst a thousand guards, he shows
His secret terror of a thousand foes;
In war, however prudent, great, or brave,
To blind events, and sickle chance, a slave:
Seeking to settle what forever flies;
Sure of the toil, uncertain of the prize.

But he returns with conquest on his brow;
Brings up the triumph, and absolves the vow:
The captive generals to his carr are ty'd:
The joyful citizens tumultuous tide
Echoing his glory, gratify his pride.
What is this triumph? madness, shouts, and noise,
One great collection of the people's voice.
The wretches he brings back, in chains relate,
What may to-morrow be the victor's fate.
The spoils and trophies born before him, show
National loss, and epidemic woe,
Various distress, which he and his may know.
Does he not mourn the valiant thousands slain;
The heroes, once the glory of the plain,
Left in the conflict of the fatal day,
Or the wolves portion, or the vulture's prey?
Does he not weep the laurel, which he wears,
Wet with the soldier's blood, and widow's tears?

See, where he comes, the darling of the war!
See millions-crouding round the gilded carr!
In the vast joys of this ecstatic hour,
And full fruition of successful pow'r,
One moment and one thought might let him scan
The various turns of life, and sickle state of man.

Are the dire images of sad distrust,
 And popular change, obscur'd a-mid the dust,
 That rises from the victor's rapid wheel?
 Can the loud clarion, or shrill sife repel
 The inward cries of care? can nature's voice
 Plaintive be drown'd, or lessen'd in the noise;
 Tho' shouts as thunder loud afflict the air,
 Stun the birds now releas'd, and shake the iv'ry chair?

Yon' croud (he might reflect) yon' joyful croud,
 Pleas'd with my honours, in my praises loud
 (Should fleeting victory to the vanquish'd go;
 Should she depress my arms, and raise the foe)
 Would for that foe with equal ardor wait
 At the high palace, or the crouded gate;
 With restless rage would pull my statues down;
 And cast the brass a new to his renown.

O impotent desire of worldly sway!
 That I, who make the triumph of to-day;
 May of to-morrow's pomp one part appear,
 Ghastly with wounds, and lifeless on the bier!
 Then (vileness of mankind!) then of all these,
 Whom my dilated eye with labour sees,
 Would one, alas! repeat me good, or great,
 Wash my pale body, or bewail my fate?
 Or, march'd I chain'd behind the hostile carr,
 The victor's pastime, and the sport of war;
 Would one, would one his pitying sorrow lend,
 Or be so poor, to own he was my friend?
 Avails it then, O reason, to be wise?
 To see this cruel scene with quicker eyes?

To know with more distinction to complain,
And have superior sense in feeling pain?

Let us revolve that roll with strictest eye,
Where safe from time distinguish'd actions lie;
And judge if greatness be exempt from pain,
Or pleasure ever may with pow'r remain.

Adam, great type, for whom the world was made,
The fairest blessing to his arms convey'd,
A charming wife; and air, and sea, and land,
And all that move therein to his command
Render'd obedient: say, my pensive muse,
What did these golden promises produce?
Scarce tasting life, he was of joy bereav'd:
One day, I think, in Paradise he liv'd;
Destin'd the next his journey to pursue,
Where wounding thorns, and cursed thistles grew.
E'er yet he earns his bread, adown his brow,
Inclin'd to earth, his lab'ring sweat must flow:
His limbs must ake, with daily toils oppress'd;
E'er long-wish'd night brings necessary rest:
Still viewing with regret his darling Eve,
He for her follies, and his own must grieve.
Bewailing still a-fresh their hapless choice;
His ear oft frighted with the imag'd voice
Of Heaven, when first it thunder'd; oft his view
A ghast, as when the infant lightning flew;
And the stern Cherub stop'd the fatal road,
Arm'd with the flames of an avenging GOD.
His younger son on the polluted ground,
First fruit of death, lies plaintiff of a wound

Giv'n by a brother's hand: his eldest birth
 Flees, mark'd by Heav'n, a fugitive o'er earth.
 Yet why these sorrows heap'd upon the sire,
 Becomes nor man, nor angel to enquire.
 Each age sinn'd on; and guilt advanc'd with time:
 The son still added to the father's crime;
 'Till God arose, and great in anger said:
 Lo! it repenteth me, that man was made.
 Withdraw thy light, thou sun! be dark, ye skies!
 And from your deep abyss, ye waters, rise!

The frighted angels heard the Almighty Lord;
 And o'er the earth from wrathful viols pour'd
 Tempest and storm, obedient to his word. }
 Mean time, his providence to Noah gave
 The guard of all, that he design'd to save.
 Exempt from gen'ral doom the patriarch stood;
 Contemn'd the waves, and triumph'd o'er the flood.
 The winds fall silent; and the waves decrease:
 The dove brings quiet, and the olive peace:
 Yet still his heart does inward sorrow feel,
 Which faith alone forbids him to reveal.
 If on the backward world his views are cast;
 'Tis death diffus'd, and universal waste.
 Present (sad prospect!) can he ought descry,
 But (what affects his melancholy eye)
 The beauties of the antient fabric lost,
 In chains of craggy hill, or lengths of dreary coast?
 While to high heav'n his pious breathings turn'd,
 Weeping he hop'd, and sacrificing mourn'd;

When of GOD's image only eight he found
Snatch'd from the wat'ry grave, and sav'd from nations
drown'd;

And of three sons, the future hopes of earth,
The seed, whence empires must receive their birth,
One he foresees excluded heav'nly grace,
And mark'd with curses, fatal to his race.

Abraham, potent prince, the friend of GOD,
Of human ills must bear the destin'd load;
By blood and battles must his pow'r maintain,
And slay the monarchs, e'er he rules the plain;
Must deal just portions of a servile life
To a proud handmaid, and a peevish wife;
Must with the mother leave the weeping son,
In want to wander, and in wilds to groan;
Must take his other child, his age's hope,
To trembling Moriam's melancholy top,
Order'd to drench his knife in filial blood;
Destroy his heir, or disobey his GOD.

Moses beheld that GOD; but how beheld
The Deity in radiant beams conceal'd,
And clouded in a deep abyss of light;
While present, too severe for human sight,
Nor staying longer than one swift-wing'd night.
The following days, and months, and years decreed
To fierce encounter, and to toilsome deed.
His youth with wants and hardships must engage:
Plots and rebellions must disturb his age.
Some Corah still arose, some rebel slave,
Prompter to sink the state, than he to save:

And Israel did his rage so far provoke,
 That what the Godhead wrote, the prophet broke.
 His voice scarce hear'd, his dictates scarce believ'd,
 In camps, in arms, in pilgrimage, he liv'd;
 And dy'd obedient to severest law,
 Forbid to tread the promis'd land, he saw.
 My father's life was one long line of care,
 A scene of danger, and a state of war.
 Alarm'd; expos'd, his childhood must engage
 The bear's rough gripe, and foaming lion's rage.
 By various turns his threatn'd youth must fear
 Goliath's lifted sword, and Saul's emitted spear.
 Forlorn he must, and persecuted fly;
 Climb the steep mountain, in the cavern lie;
 And often ask, and be refus'd to die.

For ever, from his manly toils, are known
 The weight of pow'r, and anguish of a crown.
 What tongue can speak the restless monarch's woes;
 When GOD, and Nathan were declar'd his foes?
 When ev'ry object his offence revil'd,
 The husband murder'd, and the wife defil'd,
 The parent's sins impress'd upon the dying child?
 What heart can think the grief which he sustain'd;
 When the king's crime brought vengeance on the land;
 And the inexorable prophet's voice
 Gave famine, plague, or war; and bid him fix his choice?

He dy'd; and oh! may no reflection shed
 Its pois'nous venom on the royal dead:
 Yet the unwilling truth must be express'd;
 Which long has labour'd in this pensive breast:

Dying he added to my weight of care:
He made me to his crimes undoubted heir:
Left his unfinish'd murder to his son,
And Joab's blood intail'd on Judah's crown.

Young as I was, I hasten'd to fulfill
The cruel dictates of my parent's will.
Of his fair deeds a distant view I took;
But turn'd the tube upon his faults to look;
Forgot his youth, spent in his country's cause,
His care of right, his reverence to the laws:
But could with joy his years of folly trace,
Broken and old in Bathsheba's embrace;
Could follow him, where-e'er he stray'd from good,
And cite his sad example; whilst I trod
Paths open to deceit, and track'd with blood.
Soon docile to the secret acts of ill,
With smiles I could betray, with temper kill:
Soon in a brother could a rival view;
Watch all his acts, and all his ways pursue.
In vain for life he to the altar fled:
Ambition and revenge have certain speed.
Ev'n there, my soul, ev'n there he should have fell;
But that my interest did my rage conceal.
Doubling my crime, I promise, and deceive;
Purpose to slay, whilst swearing to forgive.
Treaties, persuasions, sighs, and tears are vain:
With a mean lye curs'd vengeance I sustain;
Join fraud to force, and policy to pow'r;
'Till of the destin'd fugitive secure,

In solemn state to parricide I rise;
 And, as God lives, this day my brother dies.

Be witness to my tears, celestial muse!
 In vain I would forget, in vain excuse
 Fraternal blood by my direction spilt;
 In vain on Joab's head transfer the guilt:
 The deed was acted by the subject's hand;
 The sword was pointed by the king's command.
 Mine was the murder: it was mine alone;
 Years of contrition must the crime atone:
 Nor can my guilty soul expect relief,
 But from a long sincerity of grief.

With an imperfect hand, and trembling heart,
 Her love of truth superior to her art,
 Already the reflecting muse has trac'd
 The mournful figures of my action past.
 The pensive goddess has already taught,
 How vain is hope, and how vexatious thought;
 From growing childhood to declining age,
 How tedious ev'ry step, how gloomy ev'ry stage.
 This course of vanity almost compleat,
 Tir'd in the field of life, I hope retreat
 In the still shades of death: for dread and pain,
 And grief will find their shafts elanc'd in vain,
 And their points broke, retorted from the head,
 Safe in the grave, and free among the dead.

Yet tell me, frighted reason! what is death?
 Blood only stopp'd, and interrupted breath?
 The utmost limit of a narrow span,
 And end of motion which with life began?

As smoke that rises from the kindling fires
Is seen this moment, and the next expires:
As empty clouds by rising winds are tost,
Their fleeting forms scarce sooner found than lost:
So vanishes our state, so pass our days:
So life but opens now, and now decays:
The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh;
To live is scarce distinguish'd from to die.

Cure of the miser's with, and coward's fear,
Death only shews us, what we knew was near.
With courage therefore view the pointed hour;
Dread not death's anger; but expect his pow'r;
Nor nature's law with fruitless sorrow mourn;
But die, O mortal man! for thou wast born.

Cautious thro' doubt; by want of courage, wise,
To such advice the reas'ner still replies.

Yet measuring all the long continu'd space,
Ev'ry successive day's repeated race,
Since time first started from his pristine goal,
'Till he had reach'd that hour, wherein my soul
Join'd to my body swell'd the womb; I was,
(At least I think so) nothing: must I pass
Again to nothing, when this vital-breath
Ceasing, consigns me o'er to rest, and death?
Must the whole man, amazing thought! return
To the cold marble, or contracted urn?
And never shall those particles agree,
That were in life this individual He?
But sever'd, must they join the general mass,
Thro' other forms, and shapes ordain'd to pass;
Nor thought nor image kept of what he was?

}

Does the great Word that gave him sense, ordain,
That life shall never wake that sense again?

And will no pow'r his sinking spirit save [grave:]
From the dark caves of death, and chambers of the

Each evening I behold the setting sun
With down-ward speed into the ocean run:
Yet the same light (pasts but some fleeting hours)
Exerts his vigor, and renews his pow'rs;
Starts the bright race again: his constant flame
Rises and sets, returning still the same.

I mark the various fury of the winds:
These neither seasons guide, nor order binds:
They now dilate, and now contract their force:
Various their speed, but endless is their course.
From his first fountain and beginning ouze,
Down to the sea each brook and torrent flows:
Tho' sundry drops or leave, or swell the stream;
The whole still runs, with equal pace, the same.
Still other waves supply the rising urns;
And the eternal flood no want of water mourns.

Why then must man obey the sad decree,
Which subjects neither sun, nor wind, nor sea?

A flower, that does with op'ning morn arise,
And flourishing the day, at ev'ning dies;
A winged eastern blast, just skimming o'er
The ocean's brow, and sinking on the shore;
A fire, whose flames thro' crackling stubble fly;
A meteor shouting from the summer sky;
A bowl a-down the bending mountain roll'd;
A bubble breaking, and a fable told;

A noon-tide shadow, and a midnight dream
Are emblems, which with semblance apt proclaim
Our earthly course: But, O my soul! so fast
Must life run off; and death for ever last?

This dark opinion, sure, is too confin'd;
Else whence this hope, and terror of the mind?
Does something still, and somewhere yet remain,
Reward or punishment, delight or pain?
Say: shall our relics second birth receive?
Sleep we to wake, and only die to live?
When the sad wife has clos'd her husband's eyes,
And pierc'd the echoing vault with doleful cries;
Lies the pale corps not yet entirely dead?
The spirit only from the body fled,
The grosser part of heat and motion void,
To be by fire, or worm, or time destroy'd;
The soul, immortal substance, to remain,
Conscious of joy, and capable of pain?
And if her acts have been directed well,
While with her friendly clay she deign'd to dwell;
Shall she with safety reach her pristine seat?
Find her rest endless, and her bless'd complac?
And while the bury'd man we idly mourn;
Do angels joy to see his better half return?
But if she has deform'd this earthly life
With murd'rous rapine, and seditious strife;
Amaz'd, repuls'd, and by those angels driv'n
From the ætherial seat, and blissful heav'n,
In everlasting darkness must she lie,
Still more unhappy, that she cannot die?

Amid two seas on one small point of land
 Weary'd, uncertain, and amaz'd we stand:
 On either side our thoughts incessant turn:
 Forward we dread; and looking back we mourn.
 Losing the present in this dubious haste;
 And lost ourselves betwixt the future, and the past.

These cruel doubts contending in my breast,
 My reason staggering, and my hopes oppress'd,
 Once more I said: once more I will enquire,
 What is this little, agile, pervious fire,
 This flutt'ring motion, which we call the mind?
 How does she act? and where is she confin'd?
 Have we the pow'r to guide her, as we please?
 Whence then those evils, that obstruct our ease?
 We happiness pursue; we fly from pain;
 Yet the pursuit, and yet the flight is vain:
 And, while poor nature labours to be blest,
 By day with pleasure, and by night with rest;
 Some stronger pow'r eludes our sickly will;
 Dashes our rising hope with certain ill;
 And makes us with reflective trouble see,
 That all is destin'd, which we fancy free.

That Pow'r superior then, which rules our mind,
 Is his decree by human pray'r inclin'd?
 Will he for sacrifice our sorrows ease?
 And can our tears reverse his firm decrees?
 Then let religion aid, where reason fails:
 Throw loads of incense in, to turn the scales;
 And let the silent sanctuary show,
 What from the babbling schools we may not know,
 How man may shun, or bear his destin'd part of woe.

What shall amend, or what absolve our fate?

Anxious we hover in a mediate state,
Betwixt infinity and nothing; bounds,
Or boundless terms, whose doubtful sense confounds.
Unequal thought; whilst all we apprehend,
Is, that our hopes must rise, our sorrows end;
As our Creator deigns to be our friend.

I said;—and instant bad the priests prepare
The ritual sacrifice, and solemn pray'r.
Select from vulgar herds, with garlands gay,
A hundred bulls ascend the sacred way.
The artful youth proceed to form the choir;
They breath the flute, or strike the vocal wire.
The maids in comely order next advance;
They beat the timbrel, and instruct the dance.
Follows the chosen tribe from Levi sprung,
Chanting by just return the holy song.
Along the choir in solemn state they pass,
—The anxious king came last.

The sacred hymn perform'd, my promis'd vow
I paid; and bowing at the altar low,

Father of heav'n! I said, and judge of earth!
Whose word call'd out this universe to birth;
By whose kind pow'r and influencing care
The various creatures move, and live, and are;
But, ceasing once that care, withdrawn that pow'r,
They move (alas!) and live, and are no more:
Omni-scient master, omni-present king,
To thee, to thee, my last distress I bring.

Thou, that can'st still the raging of the seas,
 Chain up the winds, and bid the tempests cease;
 Redeem my shipwreck'd soul from raging gusts
 Of cruel passion, and deceitful lusts:
 From storms of rage, and dang'rous rocks of pride,
 Let thy strong hand this little vessel guide
 (It was thy hand that made it) thro' the tide
 Impetuous of this life: let thy command
 Direct my course, and bring me safe to land.

If, while this weary'd flesh draws fleeting breath,
 Not satisfy'd with life, afraid of death,
 It hap'ly be thy will, that I should know
 Glimpse of delight, or pause from anxious woe;
 From now, from instant now, great Sire, dispel
 The clouds that press my soul; from now reveal
 A gracious beam of light; from now inspire
 My tongue to sing, my hand to touch the lyre:
 My open'd thought to joyous prospects raise;
 And, for thy mercy, let me sing thy praise.
 Or, if thy will ordains, I still shall wait
 Some new Here-after, and a future state;
 Permit me strength, my weight of woe to bear;
 And raise my mind superior to my care.
 Let me, howe'er unable to explain
 The secret lab'rins of thy ways to man,
 With humble zeal confess thy awful pow'r;
 Still weeping hope, and wond'ring still adore.
 So in my conquest be thy might declar'd:
 And, for thy justice, be thy name rever'd.

My pray'r scarce ended, a stupendous gloom
Darkens the air; loud thunder shakes the dome:
To the beginning miracle succeed
An awful silence, and religious dread.
Sudden breaks forth a more than common day:
The sacred wood, which on the altar lay,
Untouch'd, unlighted glows——
Ambrosial odor, such as never flows
From Arab's gum, or the Sabacan rose,
Does round the air evolving scents diffuse:
The holy ground is wet with heav'nly dew:
Celestial music (such Jeshides' lyre,
Such Miriam's timbrel would in vain require)
Strikes to my thought thro' my admiring ear,
With ecstasy too fine, and pleasure hard to bear:
And lo! what sees my ravish'd eye? what feels
My wond'ring soul? an opening cloud reveals
An heav'nly form embody'd, and array'd
With robes of light. I heard: the angel said:

Cease, man of woman born, to hope relief
From daily trouble, and continu'd grief.

Thy hope of joy deliver to the wind:
Suppress thy passions; and prepare thy mind.
Free and familiar with misfortune grow:
Be us'd to sorrow, and inur'd to woe.
By weak'ning toil, and hoary age o'ercome,
See thy decrease; and hasten to thy tomb.
Leave to thy children tumult, strife, and war,
Portions of toil, and legacies of care.
Send the successive ills thro' ages down;

And let each weeping father tell his son,
That deeper struck, and more distinctly griev'd,
He must augment the sorrows he receiv'd.

The child to whose success thy hope is bound,
Ere thou art scarce interr'd, or he is crown'd;
To lust of arbitrary sway inclin'd
(That cursed poison to the prince's mind!)
Shall from thy dictates and his duty rove,
And lose his great defence, his people's love.
Ill counsell'd, vanquish'd, fugitive, disgrac'd,
Shall mourn the fame of Jacob's strength effac'd.
Shall sigh, the king diminish'd, and the crown
With lessen'd rays descending to his son.
Shall see the wreaths, his grandfire knew to reap
By active toil, and military sweat,
Pining incline their sickly leaves, and shed
Their falling honours from his giddy head.
By arms, or pray'r unable to assuage
Domestic horror, and intestine rage,
Shall from the victor and the vanquish'd fear,
From Israel's arrow, and from Judah's spear:
Shall cast his weary'd limbs on Jordan's flood, [blood.
By brother's arms disturb'd, and stain'd with kindred-

Hence lab'ring years shall weep their destin'd race
Charg'd with ill omens, fully'd with disgrace.
Time by necessity compell'd, shall go
Thro' scenes of war, and epocha's of woe.
The empire lessen'd in a parted stream,
Shall lose its course——

Indulge thy tears: the heathen shall blaspheme:

Judah shall fall, oppress'd by grief and shame;
And men shall from her ruins know her fame.

New Egypt's yet, and second bonds remain,
A harsher Pharaoh, and a heavier chain.

Again obedient to a dire command,
Thy captive sons shall leave the promis'd land.
Their name more low, their servitude more vile,
Shall on Euphrates' bank, renew the grief of Nile.

These pointed spires that wound the ambient sky,
Inglorious change! shall in destruction lie
Low, levell'd with the dust: their heights unknown,
Or measur'd by their ruin. Yonder throne,
For lasting glory built, design'd the seat
Of kings for ever blest, for ever great,
Remov'd by the invader's barb'rous hand,
Shall grace his triumph in a foreign land.
The tyrant shall demand yon' sacred load
Of gold and vessels set apart to GOD,
Then by vile hands to common use debas'd;
Shall send them flowing round his drunken feast,
With sacrilegious taunt, and impious jest.

Twice fourteen ages shall their way complete:
Empires by various turns shall rise and set;
While thy abandon'd tribes shall only know
A diff'rent master, and a change of woe:
With down-cast eye-lids, and with looks a-ghast,
Shall dread the future, or bewail the past.
Afflicted Israel shall sit weeping down,
Fast by the streams, where Babel's waters run;

Their harps upon the neighb'ring willows hung,
 Nor joyous hymn encouraging their tongue,
 Nor chearful dance their feet; with toil oppress'd,
 Their weary'd limbs aspiring but to rest.
 In the reflective stream the sighing bride,
 Viewing her charms impair'd, abash'd shall hide
 Her pensive head; and in her languid face
 The bridegroom shall foresee his sickly race:
 While pond'rous fetters vex their close embrace.
 With irksome anguish then your priests shall mourn
 Their long-neglected feasts despair'd return,
 And sad oblivion of their solemn days.
 Thenceforth their voices they shall only raise,
 Louder to weep. By day your frightened Seers
 Shall call for fountains to express their tears;
 And with their eyes were floods: by night from dreams
 Of opening gulphs, black storms, and raging flames,
 Starting amaz'd, shall to the people show
 Emblems of heav'nly wrath, and mystic types of woe.

The captives, as their tyrant shall require,
 That they should breathe the song, and touch the lyre,
 Shall say: can Jacob's servile race rejoice,
 Untun'd the music, and diffus'd the voice?
 What can we play (they shall discourse) how sing
 In foreign lands, and to a barb'rous king?
 We and our fathers from our childhood bred
 To watch the cruel victor's eye, to dread
 The arbitrary lash, to bend, to grieve
 (Out-cast of mortal race!) can we conceive

Image of ought delightful, soft, or gay?
 Alas! when we have toil'd the longsome day;
 The fullest bliss our hearts aspire to know,
 Is but some interval from active woe;
 In broken rest, and startling sleep to mourn,
 'Till morn, the tyrant, and the scourge return.
 Bred up in grief, can pleasure be our theme?
 Our endless anguish does not nature claim?
 Reason, and sorrow are to us the same.
 Alas! with wild amazement we require,
 If idle folly was not pleasure's fire:
 Madness, we fancy, gave an ill-tim'd birth
 To grinning laughter, and to frantic mirth.

This is the series of perpetual woe,
 Which thou, alas! and thine are born to know.
 Illustrious wretch! repine not, nor reply:
 View not, what heav'n ordains, with reason's eye;
 Too bright the object is: the distance is too high.
 The man who would resolve the work of fate,
 May limit number, and make crooked straight:
 Stop thy enquiry then; and curb thy sense;
 Nor let dust argue with omnipotence.
 'Tis GOD who must dispose, and man sustain,
 Born to endure, forbidden to complain.
 Thy sum of life must his decrees fulfill;
 What derogates from his command, is ill;
 And that alone is good, which centers in his will.

Yet that thy lab'ring senses may not droop,
 Lost to delight, and destitute of hope;

Remark what I, God's messenger, aver
From him, who neither can deceive, nor err.
The land at length redeem'd, shall cease to mourn;
Shall from her sad captivity return.
Sion shall raise her long-dejected head;
And in her courts the law again be read.
Again the glorious temple shall arise,
And with new lustre pierce the neighb'ring skies.
The promis'd seat of empire shall again
Cover the mountain, and command the plain;
And from thy race distinguish'd, One shall spring,
Greater in act than victor, more than king
In dignity and pow'r, sent down from heav'n,
To succour earth. To Him, to Him, 'tis giv'n,
Passion, and care, and anguish to destroy.
Thro' Him soft peace, and plenitude of joy
Perpetual o'er the world redeem'd shall flow,
No more may man enquire, nor angel know.

Now, Solomon, rememb'ring who thou art,
Act thro' thy remnant life the decent part.
Go forth: be strong: with patience, and with care
Perform, and suffer: to thy self severe,
Gracious to others, thy desires suppress'd,
Diffus'd thy virtues, first of men, be best.
Thy sum of duty let two words contain;
O may they graven in thy heart remain!
Be humble, and be just. The angel said:
With upward speed his agile wings he spread;
Whilst on the holy ground I prostrate lay,
By various doubts impell'd, or to obey,

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

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Or to object: at length (my mournful look
Heav'n-ward erect) determin'd, thus I spoke:

Supreme, All-wise, Eternal Potentate!
Sole Author, sole Disposer of our fate!
Enthron'd in light, and immortality,
Whom no man fully sees, and none can see!
Original of beings! Pow'r Divine!
Since that I live, and that I think, is thine;
Benign Creator, let thy plastic hand
Dispose its own effect. Let thy command
Restore, great Father, thy instructed son;
And in my act may "thy great will be done."

CARMEN SECULARE, Latine redditum
per Tho. Dibben, e Trin. Col. Cant.

— *Ego dis amicum,
Seculo festas referente luces,
Reddidi carmen* —

HOR.

JANE hifrons, priscos a tergo respice lapsi
Annales aevi, felicesque ordine longo
Evolvas fastos, quos caetera tempora supra
Conspicuos albo, sec'lis monumenta futuris
Urbis fundatae, et parti posuere triumphi.
Aggedere insignes spoliis, lauroque decoros
Enumerare duces, quos nobilis ira gementem
Impulit ulcisci populum; qui sacra cruore
Jura patrum sanxere suo; sceptrisve potiti
Miserunt laetum placidis sub legibus orbem.

Agmine perpetuo series ornata laborum
Procedat; suus omnis honos, sua debita quemque
Laus inscripta notet: tum nostra ad tempora casus
Insignes ducas, famamque et fata parentum
Mirac'lis oppone novis, regique Britanno.
Dumque fide, curaueque pari per singula curris;
Dum varios recolis populos, variosque labores;
Et studia, et leges, pugnataque proelia seris
Temporibus mandas; tute ipse fatebere, Jane,
Omnium in Auriaco cumulari nomine famam:
Et dices orbi attonito; nil secula tale
Prima tulere hominum, nil majus postera reddent.

Vertici sublimi surgat, tua maxima cura,

Bello et pace potens Latium: fortissima corda,
Egregios rerum dominos dabat Italia tellus,
Felix prole virum; foecundam hanc aspice gentem,
Romanosque tuos; huc vertere, et altius omnem
Nascentis prima repetens ab origine regni
Expedit famam; pulchro in certamine pubem
Oppone Aufoniam; et cedat sua palma merenti.

Si potuit ferro Latii turbare colonos
Palantes Mavorte fatus, si rustica late
Regna domare armis; raptae sine more Sabinae,
Surgenti famae, coeptisque ingentibus obstant.
Sacra Deum, sanctasque aras, et templa tueri
Cura Numam subiit: sed frigida dextera bello,
Non hastam torquere sciens, ensisque rotare
Fulmineum, juvenumque manus armare frementum.
Consiliis, esto, Fabii Romana vigeant
Arma: at res omnes gelide tardeque ministrans,
Dilator nimium sapiens ingrata trahebat
Bella. Quid immani patrem pietate cruentum
Ultorem Brutum referam, fortesque sub armis
Aemilium, Decium, Curium? tot magna animorum
Nos exempla monent, qua possit lege libido
Fraenari, et quantum cedat virtutibus aurum:
Hos quoque sed nimium gaudens popularibus auris,
Hos rapit ambitio, tumidoque superbia fastu
Ostentans humilesque casas, parvosque penates.
Sit quanquam illustris, primos inglorius annos
Scipiades egit: nec mens invicta Catonis
Semper erat, tunc falsa metum, vel visa fateri,
Cum cessit fato, et lucem indignata refugit.

Julius externos frustra domat, omnia Romae
 Subjiciens, Romamque sibi; surgitque triumphans
 Afflictos cives super, oppressumque senatum.
 Imperiam lene Augustus, patriamque subactam
 Mollia vinc'la pati jussit: sed vincula passa est,
 Purpureum cultu insolito venerata tyrannum.

Fas veterum laudes justis celebrare triumphis:
 Fas etiam errores, atque omnia ferre sub auras.
 Stare loco impatiens magna sese impete versat
 Vivida vis animi, patrii ceu Tybridis unda,
 Cui nunc lene fluens rigat agros dulcis aquae fons;
 Vortice nunc rapido volvit se turbidus amnis;
 Et limo castas obsceno polluit undas:
 Diis quanquam geniti, atqui invicti viribus essent,
 Mortalem infecto fassī sunt sanguine matrem.
 Decolor ex illo vitiis dominantibus aetas
 Degenerare ausa est: rumpit vinc'la omnia miles
 Acer, acerba fremens; majestatemque verendam.
 Effraenis violat rabies: jam segnior annis
 Deficit illa olim rerum pulcherrima Roma;
 Heu! vix agnosces veteris vestigia formae:
 Donec gens divūm, nati venientibus annis,
 Heroum novus ordo datur, nova lumina surgunt;
 Hesperioque dies melior procedit Olympo.

Aspice ut insignis spoliis Pharamondus opimis
 Ingreditur, magnusque aquilis qui lilia junxit
 Carolus; inde alii, quos Gallica terra triumphis
 Dives alit, genus acre virūm, spectataque bello
 Pectora. Sed major nunc rerum apparet imago:
 Sanguineae, en! lauri, victriciaque arma Wilhelmi

Normanni: viden' externis quanta intonet oris
Tudorum manus armipotens, et nomina magna,
Plantagenum metuenda domus! quid plurima virtus
Amborum potuit, te, victrix Anglia, testor,
Quam labor heroum imperio maria omnia circum
Asseruit, fundansque armis et legibus ornans:
Felix, si nunquam regnandi dira cupido
Cognatas acies paribus concurrere telis
Egisset, patriacque in viscera vertere vires:
Illa afflicta sedet, variis incerta triumphis,
Cui det colla iugo, quem sit passura tyrannum.

Quo Desideri soboles, quo Caesar Adolphus,
Nassoviique alii rapiunt, celeberrima proles?
Omnes illustres, omnes in utrumque parati,
Aut patriam tutari, aut certae occumbere morti.
Hos juxta Auriacus pleno fuit agmine sanguis,
Immortale genus: primusque en! Martius auctor
Corniger: inde heros qui bello a corpore nomen
Obtinuit; nosco crines, frontemque venustam
Francigenae juvenis; domus hinc Chalonia mixta est
Nassovius; sedesque novas; Rhenumque bicornem
Inde petit, linquens Rhodanum, ripamque sonantem.

Jamque Stuartiadum series longissima regum
Emicat. Illa diu magna ditione tenebat
Esraenem populum, et duris regna horrida glebis:
Donec fata deum, et lustris labentibus aetas
Scotorum manibus transcribi sceptrum jubebant
Anglica; feceruntque omnes uno ore Britannos.

Atque hic, magne Deus, cum res scrutabere nostras,
Sis bonus O! passimque oculos per cuncta ferenti

Si quid forte tibi occurrat de gente Stuartum
 Infelix; (utcumque ferent ea fata minores)
 Pro patria, obtestor, pro maiestate Britanni
 Imperii, nihil ingratum, nihil acre dolores
 Obductos vulgare sinas: preme, Jane, tenebris,
 Quae laudare nequis; teque ad meliora reserves.
 Utque erit ad * N O M E N ventum, quod flebile semper,
 Semper honoratum (sic, dii, voluisti) habemus;
 Supprime singultus, submissa et voce dolores
 Hos compesce, tuo ne docta Britannia luctu
 Ire iterum in lachrymas, iterum gemebunda querelam
 Integret infandam; stilletque cruore recenti
 Aeternum crudele patens sub pectore vulnus.
 Quo jam raptus abis? Nassovi, Jane, labores
 Aggredere O! magnos, atque amplum claude volumen.
 En! infans victor, nutu dum temperat iras
 Turbati populi; jacet en Tirynthius alter;
 Ardentesque hostes, et sibila colla tumentes
 Sternit; et in cunis infans se vindicat heros.
 En! quantis tollit se rebus firmior aetas?
 Quales primitiae juvenis, bellique ferocis
 Dura rudimenta, et primis nova gloria in armis?
 Sublimis marte adverso, mitisque secundo,
 Eventus omnes, et ineluctabile fatum
 Subjecit pedibus: non mens elata triumphis,
 Non depressa malis; sed in omnia pectus honestum
 Fertur idem, fatis contraria fata rependens.
 Dum curas hominum, dum spes contemnit inanes,

* MARIAE.

Fortunaeque vices caecas; quocunque cadat res,
Hoc animo fixum sedet, aeternumque sedebit,
"Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos."

En! totum heroem, maturum, et scepra tenentem
Contemplare virum: en! ut iusta fulminet ira
Terrarum egregius vindex; placidusque volentes
Per populos det jura; infesto et leniat hosti
Pectora flexanimus victor; mitisque jacentum
Dat vitam lachrymis! quo pectora fida suorum
Amplecti studio properat? quam totus in illis?
Quam curas pater indulgens descendit in omnes?
Nec regem pudet officio certare priorem.
Hac arte, O bellis ingens, ingentior alma
Morum temperie, devincis corda benignis
Assueta imperiis: longos hac arte triumphos,
Maxime victor, agis, cum teque, animosque tuorum,
Pacatumque regas aquis virtutibus orbem.
Per varias vitaeque vices, operumque colores
Idem cautus honos, metuens et gratia culpae,
Puraque simplicitas tota descripta tabella
Effulget; constansque sibi servatur ad imum.
Victoris castra ingrederis? certamina nulla
Cum victis, belli nulla horrida signa cruenti
Apparent infixae agris: non militis ardor
Turbavit pectus; nec purpura picta superbos
Induxit regum fastus: sed fama peric'lo
Explorata (velut fulvum fornacibus aurum).
Emicat innocuo: frustra Vulcania pestis
Circum immane fremit: contemptorique minatur
Flamma suo: caeco contra dominata furori

Ardens spectator virtus, pondusque nitoremque
 Illacsum servans; et amico vivit in igne.

Unum, Jane, oro (quando nos nostraque morti
 Debemur) magni saltem mirac'la Wilhelmi
 Exsuperare, virumque sinas volitare per ora;
 Ut nati natorum, et qui nascentur ab illis
 Virtutem ex illo moniti, pulchrumque laborem
 Cognoscant, et sancta procul vestigia adorent.
 Exoriare aliquis, regis qui gesta Britanni,
 Fataque fortunasque docens, moresque manusque
 (Argumentum ingens!) vivis committere chartis
 Ausis, et serum producere nomen in aevum:
 Cum statuæ, multo cum victum tempore marmor,
 Aeraque labentur; cum bello saevior omni
 Invidiosa dies famæ monumenta Britannæ
 Delebit; tardis cum Sabis flexibus ibit
 Per terras mutata novas; serique nepotes
 Quærent, quâ stabant immania saxa Namurcæ.

En! urbem, dicent, quæ quondam condidit astris
 Ambitiosa caput; toties quæ pertulit omnem
 Irrisi nubem belli: sed non ita sensit
 Armatos Britonas; non irrita tela Wilhelmi
 Experta est; vastis dum victor turribus instans,
 Cum populo, et signis victricibus, et magnis diis,
 Fundamenta quatit: mortaliaque agmina frustra
 Contra Nassovium atque Jovem, contraque Minervam
 Tela tenent: medio discrimine caedis et ignis,
 Ceu Perseus per aperta volans, ipse arduus arces
 Oppositas scandit; frustraque objecta retardant
 Flumina, flammæque globi, scopulique minaces:

En! tandem summis insultans arcibus heros,
Atque Angli juxta, fulgentia signa, leones.

Et jam finis erat; cum victor vertice ab alto
Despexit Gallum attonitum, et tum libera vinc'lo
Littoraque et latos populos; pacemque silenti
Indulsit felicem orbi: longe audiit aether,
Et terrae, et fluvii; jamque ibat mollior undis
Mosa; ferusque suas Rhenus compefcuit iras.
Continuo leges aeternaeque foedera certis
Imposuit manus aequa locis; quam singula metam,
Et quem quaeque ferat dominum, quem quaeque re-
cuset

Gens, semel edixit: mirantemque admonet orbem,
Quantus amor populi, quanta et reverentia mitem
Prosequitur regem: comes indivisus amico.
Adstat Honos lateri: supra caput explicat alas
Libertas firmata novas; pulchraeque sorores,
Et Virtus et Fama, pari discrimine certant,
Utrum ornare magis regemne, virumne deceret.

Quid loquor? aut ubi sum? quis me per opaca viarum
Ire furor suadet? quos musa assurgit in ausus?
Dum vatis furias Thebani concipit (ignes
O si conciperet similes!) te, Jane, relinquit,
Teque, arasque tuas, ut coelum et sydera tentet;
Demens! quae nimbos et non imitabile fulmen
Pindaricum simulare ausa est. Da, Jane, furenti,
Da veniam Musae, sua quam rapit ampla volentem
Materja; et tollit volvens sub naribus ignem
Pegasus ardua in astra; neque audit anhelus habenas.
Cum latos campos, immensumque aspicit aequor,

Expatiat^r equus; vix haeret Musa frementi;
Nec scit, qua sit iter; nec si sciat, imperet illi.
Saxa per, et scopulos, et depressas convalles
Insequitur regem; tellusque sub ungue tonanti
Icta gemit; reboant sylvaeque, et magnus Olympus.

Nunc casus Musa antiquos, annosque reducit
Praeteritos, patriisque virum meditatur in arvis.
Hic Britonum motus cura, lachrymisque suorum,
Consilium vultu tegit; et secum ante peractum
Belli et regnorum volvit sub pectore fatum:
Et mox armatas hyberno sydere classes
Molitur; contraque iras coelique, marisque
Impavidus grande urget iter: tum sanguine multo
Tutandas Anglorum arces, oblataque regna
Occupat; amisso fluitantem errare magistro
Sensit; et ipse ratem turbatis rexit in undis.
Jamque alias hinc in lachrymas, alia horrida bella,
Per desolatae regna infelicia Iernes
Diva virum sequitur; fluctusque irrupit in altos
Bovindae bello undantis; tum Naiadas ad se
Impatiens trepidas vocat: hortaturque sorores
Maturare fugam, quantusque emerferat heros,
Oceano narrare patri: vanum ille timorem
Ridet; eamque manum victis agnoscit in undis,
Imperio dignam pelagi, saevoque tridente.

Hinc pleno Britonum victor subit ostia velo
Stans celsa in puppi: pueri, innuptaeque puellae,
Effusique patres resonantia littora circum
Sacra canunt reduci; sed repulit ille molestum
Officium; poscitque animos, laudesque recusat.

Mox charos iterum Belgas, sedesque fecorum,
Et patriam, et toties raptos ex hostis penates
Hospes adit: varii populi, diversaeque signa,
Externique duces omnes socia arma ferentes
Communem celebrare ducem; quam tardus ad iram,
Quam placidus victor, fortunatusque laborum
Securus palmae, dum praedam rejicit heros!

Nunc versaе scenae discedunt: altera rerum
Nunc surgit facies: alia sub luce videri
Heros grandis amat; successuque altior ipso
Innumeris belli spoliis, partisue trophaeis
Pacem laetus emit; jam Virgo reddita terras
Pacatas visit; jamque aurea tempora circum
Felices secura quatit Concordia pennas.

Mox ad Danubium, raucaeque Propontidis undam,
Eoasque plagas alis audacibus ardens
Musa volat; lethi qua jam discrimine parvo
Stant acies, utrinque necem lugubrè minantes:
Hi motus animorum, irae, infandique paratus,
Compressa belli rabie, suspensa tenentur;
Donec consilia ingentis spectata Wilhelmi
Ostendant, pacemne colant, an in arma ferantur.
Quae regio in terris, ubi regis foedera sancta,
Aut leges placidae ignotae? quae regna per orbem
(Qualemcunque fidem, dominum quemcunque faten-
Communem Auriaco dubitent submittere causam? (tur)

Hinc ad Hyperboream glaciem, montesque nivales
Urget diva viam; qua Moscoviticus altum
Fulminat ad Tanaim Caesar; nutuque tremendo
Jura quaterdenis juvenis dat gentibus unus:

Hic tamen, hic Caesar percussus nomine regis
 Majoris, non legatis, neque dulce ministris
 Officium impatiens cessit; se, se ipse, suumque
 Objecit caput, infidi maris omnia vincens
 Taedia, dimidiumque orbis post terga reliquens,
 Tangeret ut sanctam, per quam stetit Anglia, dextram.
 Hujus in imperio tumidum, magnumque fluentem
 Cernere erat Volgam; multa cui spumeus unda,
 Saxosumque sonans, obstantia pondera torrens
 Aut secum rapit, aut immiti gurgite mergit.
 Sed nostrum, sed Musa suum tibi, Tame, tuisque
 Rivis assimulat regem: non amnis abundans,
 Sed plenus per opima virum fortem absque furore
 Fundit aquam, tardoque procul languore serenam:
 Quoscunque O! Britonum lambis pulcherrimus agros,
 Omnia ibi ridere facis: tibi candida Naïs
 Purpureas inter violas, et suave rubentes
 Vota facit resoluta rosas: te lentus in umbra
 Labentem expectat pastor: te mollia prata,
 Te sitiunt croceis halantes floribus horti.

Quo feror? unde abii? tuque, audacissima Musa,
 Quo peritura ruis? si formidabile littus,
 Si Lycios temnas saltus, fataliaque arva,
 Bellerophontaci quae signavere furores:
 I, sequere infidos ventos, nova nomina lapsu
 Subjectis positura undis: ea furda monenti
 Ardet in astra magis; perque inconcessa Diei
 Luxuriens spatia aeterni, petit intima divum
 Sacra, Jovem similemque Jovis, dictura Wilhelmum:
 Indefessa illi maturos poscit honores;

ram,
ros,
a,
um:
Illi ut Olympiaeae referantur praemia palmae,
Quam velox Theron, quam vastis viribus ingens
Sperabat nunquam Chromius: Musam illius ergo
Per nitidos orbes lucis, camposque patentes,
Dulcis raptat amor: juvat explorare priorum
Curae iter ignotum: sed inextricabilis error,
Et caecae ambages, quas una resolvere virtus
Nassovii novit, securam, et vana tumentem
Exsuperant longe divam; jamque aethere toto
Praecipitata agitur; jam torti fulminis instar
Fertur; et horrificis tonat exanimata ruinis.
O coeptum sublime! infelix exitus ausi
Nobilis! O Musa, et vires pro nomine tanto
Exiguae! sed sic potius cecidisse juvabit
Audentem, quam vena humili inferiora secutam
Radere iter medium, tutasque extendere pennas.

Nunc ad te, et tua sacra, pater, turbamque sonantem
(Matres atque viros) quae circum plurima clausas
Fusa fores, pacem Britonum, vitamque Wilhelmi
Ardens implorat, nunc ambitiosa vagantes
Musa modos revocet: tuque O! qua secula fronte
Jane vides ventura, Rheae genetricis in alvum
Descendas, partus ubi femina prima futuri,
Et tenerae species, simulacraque carcere clauso
Mixta jacent; donec magnum per inane coacta
Mox durare jubes, et rerum sumere formas.
Tum tua vox, divine autor, tua caeca relaxat
Spiramenta manus; justis emissa figuris
Dum vestit junctura decens et amabilis ordo.
Sed nimium brevis hora fugam meditata perennem

Transit: et aeternam repetunt nascentia noctem.

Non de navali surgentes aere triumphī,
Captivi currus ereptaque ab hoste trophaea;
Non civilis honos quercus, non umbra coronae
Muralis, laurique novum decus addere regi
Angliaco possunt; fatis illum conscia virtus,
Gestaque sublimem tollunt: ad sydera raptim
Vi propria nituntur, opisque haud indiga nostrae.
Nunc ergo, ut populus felix cum regi potenti
Fortunis paribus surgat; compagibus arctis
Claudantur belli portae: et jam, mystice custos,
Mitior O! jam, dive, precor, melioribus orbis
Auspiciis, aliosque dies, aliumque tenorem
Tandem habeat, jubeas: hic ferrea desinat aetas
(Magna, esto, sed ferrea erat) fassusque metallum
Pulchrius, annorum se gravior explicet ordo.
Haud iterum pavidos bellum turbabit agrestes;
At secura quies, at mollis somnus, amores
Jucundi, suavesque joci cum dulcibus horis
Perpetuum ducant orbem: hoc a cardine rerum
Paulatim incipiant magni procedere menses:
Atque his flava Ceres, his formosissima Flora
Aspiret; surgatque novo gens aurea sec'lo.

Immunis belli, dextraeque innixa Wilhelmi
Terra Britanna sui sedeat; spectetque ruinas,
Et cladem, et lachrymas, quarum pars nulla futura est;
Externas; iraeque hominum miseretur inanis.
Illa inter motas fatum immutabile gentes
Dispenset; vincantque illae quas vincere mavult:
Sic noto celsos tuti sub matribus agni

Balatu implebunt colles: sic vallibus imis,
 Irriguos amnes inter, seges aurea in altum
 Surget; et ipsa suas mirabitur Anglia messes:
 Delicias diva aeternas dum pectore pleno
 Fundet; et ambrosios spirabit vertice odores.

Aulæi antiquae caecis exorta ruinis
 (Qua *Turres Albas*, veterum penetralia regum
 Wolfci fabricata manu, Henricique labores,
 Cernere erat) juvenile caput Phoenicis ad instar
 Regia sublimis tollat, melioribus, oro,
 Auspiciis; et quae fuerit minus obvia flammis.
 Alta, augusta, ingens, dominoque simillima magno,
 Pandat se veneranda domus: captiva columnae
 Arma ferant sacrae, belli monumenta cruenti,
 Spiculaque, clypeosque, atque horrida sanguine signa:
 Stabunt et Parii lapides, mediusque Wilhelmus
 En spirans; humerusque recens a vulnere vivis
 Rorabit guttis: metuens pro vindice mundi
 A tergo apparet Genius, capitiue minacem
 Avertit mortem: jacet illa innoxia, incrimis
 (Nam sic consuluit Jovis indulgentia teris)
 Intrepidi ante pedes herois. Tu quoque magnam
 Partem opere in tanto, viridi Bovinda reclinans
 Lecto, habeas, imo senior de gurgite visus
 Lauriferum quassare caput: saxum evomit undas;
 Aeternique cadunt caeso de marmore rivi.

Tuque O! quae famae servas monumenta Britannae,
 Regis opus, regumque decus, cape dona tuorum
 Inclyta Winforiae turris. Tu stellifer aether,
 Signa geris, quibus ipse suum et delecta suorum

Pectora distinguit, divisque accedere jussit
Nassovius, proprioque pater decoravit honore.

Tu circum Ormondi robustum mystica nectens
Vinc'la genu, potuisti equitem socium addere regi:
Redditus his victor terris, spoliisque potitus,
Suppliciter venerans divi sub Militis aram
Vota facit: veterum juxta decora alta parentum,
Botleros inter, victriciaque arma Bohuni,
Ipse suum clypeum, suaque semula signa superbis
Postibus aptavit, tanti non immemor haeres
Nominis aut proavum dubitans extendere famam;
Utcunque illa novi secum grave pondus honoris
Attulit Oссорidae mater Nassovia genti.

Sacvilli tu, diva, latus, tu lumine pectus
Sanctum ornas, ubi dulcis honos, ubi mille placendi
Conjurant artes; labor unus et una voluptas,
Tollere depressos, et sustentare jacentes.
Hos brevis informet fragilis dum spiritus artus,
Indictus nunquam nostris Saevillus abibit
Carminibus; nunquam labetur pectore chari
Officium capitis: munus quia maximus ille
Confert; collatique olim meminisse recusat.

Jura fidemque patrum, libertatemque Cavendos
Asserere audentes, tuus amplo vestit honore,
Diva, favor: stabit longum fortuna per aevum
Alta domus; patrioque nitebunt sydere nati.

Per te Sanctmauri, per te Talbotia proles,
Felices ambo, vestigia magna parentum
Ambo lustrantes, faxum hoc immobile dum tu
Serves, nomina erunt. Tuque, O pars maxima musae,

O decus, O nostrum, cui pulchro in corpore virtus
 Emicat, et sincera fides, et gratia morum,
 Has Jerface, (preces valeant si vatis amici,
 Si deus hoc carmen, deus hoc inspiret Apollo)
 Has tanges aras; hinc cingula sacra decoro
 Aptabis lateri, veterisque insignia famae
 Villeriis sucta, et tibi non indebita fumes.

Artibus intentum melior tum cura vocabit
 Heroa Angliacum, mirantem Annalibus orbem
 Exornare suis, serosque docere nepotes
 Imperii arcana, et magna exemplaria belli.
 Hinc, ut virtutem dociles, verumque laborem
 Cognoscant, laudisque animi accendantur amore;
 Regis ad exemplum portis se prima juvenus
 Effundens, dum mane novum, dum gramina canent;
 Per saltus, gelidumque nemus, praeruptaque faxa,
 Nunc cervos turbabit agens; nunc ardua in armis,
 Et vigil ad vocem, qua fictum buccina signum
 Bellica dat, grave martis opus, sub imagine lusus.
 Paulatim ex tanto assuescat tolerare magistro:
 Et nunc altus eques spatiis magna atria circum
 Curvatis fertur; luctantia nunc premit ora
 Bellatoris equi; nunc torto verbere pronus
 Dat lora, et medio fervens in pulvere, strictum
 Aut ensem quatit, aut certam jactit impiger hastam.

Pacis amans, studiisque favens, socia agmina jungant
 Sancta corona senum, exemplis monitura minores,
 Qui virtutis honos, et quid sapientia possit.
 Hos rerum juvet obscuros penetrare recessus,
 Et varias causas, naturae arcana modestae,

Indiciis aperire novis clarisque repertis.
 Illos degeneri audentes succurrere sec'lo,
 Cura gravis maneat morum, et labor Hercule dignus,
 Exonerare repletum immunda sorde theatrum.
 Sermones alii patrios, incertaque verba
 Ad leges fixas revocent, veneresque decoras;
 Ut late Angliacis, instructa annalibus orbis
 Gaudcat, et nostram resonet gens singula linguam,
 Vindicis ante pedes quaecunque effusa Britanni,
 Miserat aut oppressa preces, aut libera grates.
 Neglectum in primis carmen, Musamque jacentem
 Tollat amica manus: nam respondere labori
 Musa pio novit, regisque rependere amores.
 Illa patrum cineres sanctos, venerandaque busta
 Vulgari secernit humo, famamque silenti
 Vindicat a tumulo: per Musam notus Ulysses
 Spirat adhuc; coramque virum jam cernere fas est:
 Musae Agamemnonias palmas, semperque recentes
 Conservare datur lauros: eadem illa Wilhelmi
 (Cum statuæ, solidoque arcus de marmore ficti
 Deficient) longo nomen sacrum asseret ævo.
 Haud vero par officium, partesque premamus
 Ingrati alternas; cum nil sine Caesare pulchrum,
 Nil altum Musae labor inchoat: altera junctam
 Alterius sic poscit opem, et conjurat amice.
 Igneus hinc numeris vigor, et coelestis origo;
 Hinc effulgentes aeterna luce Camoenæ,
 Informi cedente situ, tenebrisque fugatis,
 Invida squallentis vincent oblivia nostris.

Securos Britonum Commercia libera portus

Omni ex parte petent; totum demissa per orbem
Pulchrior hinc Argo, meliori et vellere dives
Annua dona feret; spoliisque redibit onusta,
Indiam in Europam portans, gazamque nitentem,
Quae diffusa jacet, qua sol utrumque recurrens
Aspicit oceanum. Quascunque Britannica pinus
Ingreditur sublimis aquas, submittat honores
Navita quisque suos: puppesque insigne superbum
Inclinent, fassae, quem Tethys omnibus undis
Elegit, dominum; quem vasto immobile fatum
Destinat imperio, terraque marique potentem.

Audivere preces divi: jamque Anglica classis,
Qua dabit aura viam, tutum per aperta profundi
Curret iter, nova regna petens, nova littora visens,
Ignotumque suis mittens sub legibus orbem.
Alter tum Ganges, atque altera quae feret aurum
India Nassovio cedit: populiue feroces
Arma, artes, moresque scient, nomenque Wilhelmi.

Suppliciter venerans, demisso lumine stabit
Agmen agreste virum; miramque loquentis ab ore
Historiam eripiens, nunc fama et fata Wilhelmi,
Vulnera, sudorem, palmasque, peric'laque discet,
Quae quibus anteferat dubitans; nunc quantus in armis,
Qualis in hoste fuit, quos bello et pace triumphos
Erexit: matres, ut coelo decidit heros,
Tum natis referent: et vox, quam proferet infans
Prima, Wilhelmus erit: tenebris inhonesta tyranni
Indecores capita abscondent, tum dira suorum
Supplicia, indignos gemitus, justasque querelas
Ferre indignantes; cum conscia fama, pudorque

Provocat ad meliora animos, cum bella Wilhelmi
 Bella quaterdenos laesis pro gentibus annos
 Confecta audierint, tandemque silentibus armis,
 (Majus opus) partos felici pace triumphos.

Non dehinc hos miseros mysteria dira docebit
 Barbara religio: nulla horrida numina finget
 Vana superstitio, divûmque immania monstra;
 Nassovii virtus cum se mirantibus offert,
 Praesentem confessa deum; cum signa decoris
 Divini, aeternaeque patent vestigia mentis
 Herois descripta animis, et vindice dextra.

Scilicet horrendi iusta sine lege cometae
 Incertam lucem quatunt, et crine minaces
 Sanguineo lugubre rubent, tristesque trementi
 Indicunt iras orbi; nisi publica vota
 Avertant laevum miseris mortalibus omen.
 At vero iustis mundum qui temperat horis,
 Vera Jovis proles, coelo purissimus ignis,
 Non errore vago, caecaque libidine fertur;
 Certus iter fixum peragit: cursusque diurnos
 Observant homines, et sanctum sydus adorant.

O Jane, O! divûm si flectere fata liceret;
 Si parcae Anglorum precibus mitescere scirent;
 Sol iste ante suum cessaret currere coelum,
 Quam Rex Nassovius terrae se subtrahet orbae
 Addendus superis: sed inexorabile numen
 Omne premit mortale: aderit, volventibus annis,
 Dira futura dies, et ineluctabile tempus,
 Cum pars semidei moesto materna sepulchro
 Condetur; dominisque suis plorabitur absens.

At vos, O divi, si quid pia vota valebunt,
Vos precor, aeterni, quorum haec sub numine tellus,
Tuque, O sancte, tuis, bifrons, coelestia firma
Pectora consiliis; focique per aethera divi,
Dic, in amicitiam coeant, tecumque Britannam
Conjurent servare domum: communibus omnium
Orati precibus, magno procul omine tristem,
Dii, removete diem; multosque benignius annos
Accumulate sacro capiti: da, Jane, senectam
Immunem curis, placidaque quiete potitam:
Sat bello Europaeque datum est: fatis arma juvenus
Sensit: et ingentes testatur terra triumphos.
Canitem novus ornet honos; dum tempora circum
Victrices inter lauros assurgat oliva.

En! hujus, Jane, auspiciis nascentia longum
Sec'la habeant omen pacis; laetique nepotes
Seros jucundis agitent sub legibus annos;
Ante ferat quam coelo animam Jovis armiger alto,
Nobile onus, patrioque heros poscatur Olympo;
Ambo ubi Ledaeci, ceu qui pedes ibat in hostem,
Ceu luctantis equi spumantia qui regit ora;
Magnus ubi Alcides fato, et Junonis iniquae
Saevis ereptus jussis; ubi grande Maronis
Argumentum, auctor Latii, regnique Britanni,
Otia agunt: ubi tot radiantia nomina toto
Aethere nota fatis, quos omnes aequus amavit
Jupiter, et meritis homines donavimus aris:
Sero, Jane pater, coelo decus adde patenti
Nassovium fydus, quod amica luce coruscum
Fulgeat, et dubiis ostendat littora nautis.

F I N I S.



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